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Women who live in different worlds

By Anne Byrne

Her rigid, made-up face shows little life. Corinne Côté-Lévesque moves through the cafeteria lunch crowd like a statue. The "yes" committee has dispatched this secretary who married her boss to the referendum court. Corinne is seen but seldom heard. She's shy, but she looks bored. Surrounded by ministers and ministers, looking weary at all, Corinne is beautiful, aware of it, but not as exactly what it is that people expect from her.

Madeline Ryan has no such doubts. She acknowledges the cheering crowd of 5,000 in a Laval, Quebec, arena by dramatically lowering her eyes—a studied figure in a pale pink suit set. But when she looks up again, a delighted smile wipes away her stern, unyielding public face. She looks like a woman. Desperately trying not to hope for a product, a husband, a "no" boy, explains weakly: "We use Madeline Ryan because she hasn't been elected to anything, because she talks just from her own experiences." But one of the volunteers working in the office with Madeline's full-time referendum secretary is more direct: "She's a lot more in demand as Mr. Ryan."

The contrast between the two leaders' roles in the campaign for the May 30 Quebec referendum is as marked as the contrary attitudes of the women in the "yes" and "no" camps. The Parti Québécois in the political heart of Quebec's feminists, who hoped René Lévesque's social democracy would bring the social changes they sought. Their trust was not misplaced. Since May 1978, principal of the Bessie Coleman Institute in Montreal, "The Parti Québécois has done more for women than any other [Quebec] government." Lévesque's latest effort in the cause of sexual equality, for example, is Bill 98, which will ensure that women can no longer have their houses and furniture sold out from under them by a disaffected husband. In the eyes of the law, husband and wife will be equal. But the bill also stipulates that a woman must use her maiden name for all civil transactions, for taking a job and for getting a driver's license. The bill legislates social change instead of just naming it.

For front-line feminists it's sometimes difficult to understand politically astute housewives who might cheer the victories without necessarily approving of the battles. This division was put in full relief early in the referendum campaign when PQ Minister Louis Payette called Madeline Ryan an Yvette in textbook-character kitchen dress. The reaction to that crack attacked both camps. Women across the province turned out en masse at "no" rallies, proud to call themselves Yvettes, and both the "yes" and "no" forces have been scrambling ever since to keep up with this newly vocal 50 per cent of the electorate. The outraged "no" feminists have accused Claude Ryan of exploit-

ing housewives, but both they and the PQ leaders are missing the point. As Yvette put it: "I think we may have been out of focus the last time, may not have dealt with the problems of the majority of women." They live in different worlds. Hilda Duflo, the Yvettes' theme song—although new releases in the women's movement and seemed at by Payette as being sexist—is simply not insulting to most women. The feminists may well lose their sovereignty-association battle to the very women they have been trying to help.

"We didn't go along with the tea-burning and other excesses of women's liberation. We went along with the excesses of sovereignty-association," sniffs an Yvette as she introduces Madeline Ryan. Ryan is extremely sensitive to charges that she's just an appendage of her husband. She would not want to win, she says, by winning, promotions through the same Catholic (Roman) group that pushed Claude Ryan to prominence. She raised the five children she bore in 7½ years. She served for seven years on Quebec's respected Superior Education Council, helping to revolutionize provincial attitudes on education. Politics came later. "I decided after the election of 1970 that I had to get involved. I finally got the feeling it was time or never," she won't help, but I knew I would do something."

Now she is the heroine of the federalist cause, the centerpiece of a developing campaign strategy that assures Quebec women they can be dignified mothers, housewives, career women, Quebecers and Canadians. It's an outgrowth of the Ryan strategy designed to make a "no" vote positive rather than reactionary. Yes parties and leaders nationwide are "out" in the referendum campaign "in the name of women voters as women."

René Lévesque tried to get his own Yvette movement going on the night of the 40th anniversary of Quebec women getting the right to vote. One of the speakers at the "sophisticated" affair was Cultural Affairs Minister Camille Laurin. Speaking at the crowd of 14,000—not all of whom were women—Laurin said charmingly: "I salute you. You make political men and every great man there is a great woman." Senator Thérèse Casgrain, who won these women the right to vote, would have growled. Casgrain has a simple explanation for the unparalleled mobilization of female voters in Quebec, for women who, for the first time, are identifying themselves as political sisters, convincing out to political rifles, and threatening to vote en bloc. "The women will say 'no' because their country, and therefore their houses and their families, are threatened." And maybe also, just a little bit, because they are tired of being disliked by the people who want their vote.

Anne Byrne is Quebec correspondent for CTV-TV, Toronto.



Ryan, Côté-Lévesque: kind of daisies



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Drivel by the page-full

By Gerry McArthur

Being a print journalist in English Canada these days makes one about as popular as a severed disease inspector for the public health department. Unfortunately, in the eyes of a growing number of people, being a journalist is a lot less important. If you think that's false, it's not. The straight hard fact is that the newspaper industry in this country is in deep trouble. No other industry is allowed to operate with as few government controls yet it is more serious trouble with the consumer over the quality of its goods. At stake is the financial fortunes of the newspaper chains, the editorial quality and very purpose of the newspapers themselves, and the public credibility of hundreds of reporters and editors across the country. At least the readers, reporters and editors were long.

The issue is quite simple. Newspapers readers and those we report on don't trust us. They don't trust our serenity. They don't trust our journalistic judgement. All too often they distrust us more than simply justify it. I write, I think, with a fair degree of authority. I have spent 28 years as a newspaper and television journalist but don't just take my word for it. *Edmund Clark, 1989, The Toronto Star*, north-west news journalist, once published in *The Vancouver Sun*. "We have a credibility gap with the consumer. The root of the problem is that the public sees the word on a way the papers don't reflect."

What is there left for us in the press if we have lost the public trust? It is not that you don't know it. Every day — sometimes several times a day — we stare truth in the eyes and pretend it doesn't exist. Actually, the situation is worse than that. It is far less being told you know and reducing the treatment because you don't believe it. Slowly it just keeps eating away until soon it has destroyed you. Then it is too late.

Two questions arise. The first is — why does the problem exist? The second — what are the publishers doing about it? Let me first deal with the question why. There are few, if any, reasons to keeping a good reporter or staying in the business. The profits of the business continue to grow. The papers keep getting bigger and heavier. The work becomes less challenging. The salaries paid reporters and editors are a national disgrace. Thomson Newspapers pays a young reporter with a degree in journalism and some experience \$160 a week to start. A veteran with 10 years on the job might make \$180 a week. In Toronto, the top rate for a reporter with five years' experience under a union agreement is \$450 a week. Is it any wonder that many good reporters and editors leave to work in television, government or private industry? Not only is the pay significantly better but so are the hours. And the challenge is often greater.



"Newspaper readers don't trust us"

There are other equally important factors that have a lot to do with a lack of professionalism. Shorter, like standards, are either ignored or twisted to suit the circumstances. Most on-the-job training is done not by design but by trial and error and usually at the peril of those involved in the story. The fact is publishers spend more money on gadgets to boost circulation than they do on improving the standards and qualifications of their own reporters and editors. Many papers don't maintain libraries sufficient for a reporter to do even the most basic research. I have worked as a daily newspaper in 17 years. Only *The Spectator* in Hamilton avoided anything in my training. Twice I was sent on a course — on, was a two-week seminar in investigative reporting at the Columbia University School of Journalism. Yes, I will always be grateful. I was extremely fortunate. Very few reporters in Canada get a break like that.

Could it be that another reason people don't trust us is our double standard of public conduct? Canadians would not long ago how Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed accepted a number of free personal trips on Air Canada and CP Air. Yet some journalists think nothing of accepting \$2,000 in cash from American Express through the Travel Industry Association of Canada for bookkeeping services. Shouldn't their papers that promote the travel industry. The definitions of editorial guidelines and journalistic integrity vary from newspaper to newspaper and reporter to reporter.

What are the publishers doing? For the most part they ignore it. They always have. But now they are too busy shaping the journalism of the 1980s — changing the very role and function of the daily newspaper as most Canadians have come to know it. Newspapers have become gigantic, inefficient, bloated-laden shopping guides. Staffed between the ads are puff pieces about failures, specially written recipes, and real estate stories that describe the Leonardo da Vinci-style houses that sell at prices most Canadians will never be able to afford. Our role is not to upset you any more — instead we must reduce you into a world of fun.

The market research department of the *Sunday Star* in Toronto asked its readers not long ago to "Tell us what you think about your new Star." It didn't ask readers if they wanted more in-depth or analytical stories. They asked that question under the heading "News Section" (are you ready?) On the back page of the front section there is a color poster of the rock group Supertramp. It is part of a series of posters that will be published. Would you or anyone in your home collect these posters? That question was asked in the *Sunday Mirror* of the largest circulation daily newspaper in Canada. No wonder the public finds us as either credible or not trustworthy.

Gerry McArthur is a freelance journalist who specializes in investigative reporting.

Profile: Jean Chrétien

Heavyweight in a new ring



by Ian Anderson

It is a bad spring afternoon in Grand-Mère and the local committee room of the "new" campaign in windows, parked and reloaded. Some 300 people have come to see the most famous politician the St. Maurice Valley has produced since Maurice Duplessis. Jean Chrétien has come home to give the PQs what he'll

There is little in the federal justice minister's speech that is new. He has repeated his vision of Canada in much the same terms since Mitchell Sharp in the mid-1980s discovered that Chrétien, a young, unknown Quebec MP, could assume even a modest west audience in Toronto with his laid position for the country beyond the Ottawa River, as presented in broken English. There is one new wrinkle in his message, though. Chrétien has discovered in the 1980 Parti Québécois platform the suggestion that Quebec annex territory is the Arctic islands when it achieves sovereignty. Chrétien, a Quebecer, tells his people, his forefathers, jolting the air. That's what a "yes" vote really leads to. That's the sort of deception the PQers are engaged in.

Next people had Joseph-Denis Jean

Chrétien argued over within WGA's

Chrétien livable. And Chrétien likes just about everything. René Lévesque being a notable exception. He tells the story of how Lévesque, then a Liberal minister in the Jean Lesage government, visited him in 1964 and asked him to resign his federal seat and run for Lesage provincially. Chrétien demurred, saying he liked federal politics. "Jean," responded Lévesque, "in five years there'll be an federal government." Chrétien, startled, asked him to repeat what he had said and, when Lévesque simply shrugged, asked the minister if he were a separatist. "Just forget I said anything," Lévesque said.

The story is pure Chrétien. There are black and white but few grey areas in his chronology. He considers Lévesque dishonest, an opinion strengthened by the vagueness of the May 20 referendum question. That is the most important point he is trying to drive home to Quebecers as he quarrels with the federal Liberals for Claude Ryan's "yes" commitment. For Chrétien, political action is built on a few ideas expressed as simply as possible. It was his intent for this that helped hurry him into power past other Quebec MPs aghast at this

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"petit pays de Shawinigan" (Shawinigan valley and its managed growth). "I know I have a rural image and I embrace it," he says with typical candor. "The people I represent are blue-collar. I don't speak French in *Le Journal*. If I did, I'd probably be in trouble." Chrétien was chosen for his present role partly because he is a symbol. Others could have ably done the job of helping Ryan with his strategy, but no one else in the Trudeau cabinet looks and talks like the son of a Quebec marquis, which he is—the 10th of the 12 children produced by Willie and Marie Chrétien (18 died in infancy). There was no one better suited to reach what the federalists hope is a silent majority of Quebecers who will vote "yes" to the Protona option. Ryan arrived in Ottawa. Chrétien has prospered both as a symbol and as a pragmatic and intuitive politician. "His shrewdness impressed me," says Sharp, the former Liberal minister who had the single greatest influence on Chrétien's career. "He was very quick on the spot." Sharp was among those who helped dissuade Chrétien from seeking the leadership of the Quebec Liberals in both 1976 and 1978. "He was more valuable in Ottawa," Sharp says. "He is a great spokesman for French Canada in English Canada."

There is little in Chrétien's background that would logically have led him to embrace federalism in fact, let alone grow up something of a Quebec nationalist. Then, as now, he defended his beliefs with a dogged, scrappy, about-face-up style, the style of the street fighter he had been in his youth. He often tells the story of his conversion to federalism: The young lawyer was engaged lately over lunch with a friend that the discussion of a federal and separatist movement arose from the fact he was francophone more than that he had been wrongly engaged in politics. His friend shot back that Chrétien was "talking through your hat. You're never

seen as an actor in your life." Says Chrétien: "As I was driving home to Shawinigan I thought, my God, he was right." He was elected two years later, at age 39. Within 10 years, that same road to Shawinigan was a four-lane highway, courtesy of a federal shoveler-out program.

While Chrétien still talks of his ambition to be prime minister, he acknowledges his own big handicap: "I'm a young man, but an old politician." At 36, he has been a minister for 12 years, the same as Trudeau. So Chrétien does not command the loyalty that might otherwise be expected from some of his



younger, ambitious segments of the Quebec caucus. There are the old concerns for his "pro-separatist" act in English Canada, but some also wonder if he is not too rigid a proponent of maintaining the system under which he has thrived. "Every Quebecer, separatist or not, wants change," says one French Canadian who has worked closely with Chrétien. "But Jean doesn't. He's 39 years too late."

That assessment may be somewhat unfair, but not entirely so, Chrétien,

Chrétien with Ryan: a "pro-separatist" act

Chrétien with Sharp, and with Trudeau: no one else looks like a marquis' son



says one close observer, has done little thinking about modern Quebec, not simply because he is not by nature contemplative, but because for the past 18 years he has been in constant motion. "He hasn't had time to think," says a friend. "There are no new ideas getting through." Some of the younger politicians wonder about his ability to adapt to the sleeping giants of Quebec, to a time when Lévesque's "oui" camp can embrace moderates such as Louis Davis, the prominent sociologist, who simply want to push for a "letter deal" for Quebec within Canada. Chrétien, meanwhile, compares separatism to gangrene and says it must be lopped off now before it spreads. "There is a vision gap," he argues. "It was created in the last three years by the Parti Québécois who have obstructed everything we have proposed."

Chrétien's ideas on constitutional change mirror those of Trudeau. You can relinquish such institutions as the Senate and the Supreme Court, he argues, but federal authority must remain strong enough to redistribute wealth among the provinces and to ensure protection of minority groups. "You can't

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have a country if you have two standards of living," he believes. That attitude reflects his ability to forgive and forget. He grew up in an era when the English ran the company town and the French were bilingual so they could pass on orders to the francophone workers. But that era, as he said in Grand-Mère recently, is gone. "In other parts of Canada," he told his audience, "they complain about French power in Ottawa. And, you know, they're right." For years he had been telling Quebecers, "You can't rewrite history. If I'd been there to wake up Montreal when Wolfe came in at night it might have been different. But that's done with. You have to live with your time and your situation."

Lévesque's referendum will show whether that message has sunk in. In one sense, the referendum will also judge Christian. Quebecers might see his victory either as an affirmation or as an example of what every son of a bilingual Quebecer can aspire to as the national stage. It's a painful process for Christian. He has taken good care of his people. *Montréal* got a \$10-million exaction processing centre as the civil service demoralized. It got its highways, its ORSE grants and a national park. When Christian was the country's first francophone finance minister he intervened to keep up the tariff wall on Fairboard to protect a mill in his riding.

Despite it all, when he asked a close friend and local mayor to head the area "no" committee, he was turned down. It is an example of the same Quebecer posture, he believes, that keeps such well-known mayors as Montreal's Jean Drapeau on the sidelines of the debate. Unlike Trudeau or other prominent French-Canadian federalists such as Marc Lalonde, Jean-Luc Pepin or Jean Marchand, Christian manages to convey his gut feelings for Canada, his sense of how the birthright of his three children includes the lands and rules discovered in the West by Radeau and La Vérendrye. At every major rally Christian hammers home his same points: "Yes, it's true what the pq says," he blazes, "that we have only 12 per cent of the railway lines in Canada. But what they don't say is that we have 86 per cent of the railway jobs and that the best of steel of the cog and the ore are in Montreal."

There is no one in the country who can say with more conviction than Christian: "I am a Quebecer, but first I am a Canadian." There is no one who better symbolizes how the two cultures can be bridged with a spirit of tolerance, hard work and devotion to the ideal of peaceful coexistence. The question for Christian, and for the nation, is whether that is now enough. ☐

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The shroud of Turin toys with science

They can't prove it's a fake, but they can't prove it's the burial cloth of Jesus Christ, either. Eighteen months after a team of 40 American scientists conducted a long series of tests on the Shroud of Turin (Weekend, Jan. 1, 1979), the yellowed strip of linen remains a relic to the faithful and an enigma to science. Last month, Robert Dinger of the Los Alamos scientific laboratory in New Mexico began writing a survey of the scientific experiments. Although he calls the results "inconclusive," he also says the image

on the shroud is so precise that it is possible to conclude that it is of a man who seems to have been crucified and who had suffered what appears to be 129 lacerations with a whip and suffered numerous wounds around the head "that could have come from a cap of thorns."

The scientists were given five days to examine the 14-foot-long cloth in October, 1978. Their tests included x-ray fluorescence, radiography, ultraviolet spectroscopy, infra-red spectroscopy, light examination and computerized



Scientists Jane Jackson (left) and Eric Jungner examine shroud photo, the shroud's "head." Christ figure appears.

photographic enhancement and analysis. The examination was designed to detect fraud, to see if the bloodstains and the photograph-like image of a tortured man had been painted on the shroud long after the time of Christ. However, admits Raymond Rogers, a chemist at the Los Alamos laboratory, "Every way we can think of for proving it that would be credible, we can't prove." The mysterious image "appears to be some sort of a sear," says Dinger. "Of course, we have no way of knowing how that sear was put on the shroud—all our data does indicate the result of whatever took place. Our

only theory is that it was some sort of flash of heat that put the image on the shroud."

Although they say it will never be possible to prove conclusively that the shroud is authentic, the scientists are now pressing for permission to conduct a last test that will fix the age of the material. The problem is that this test requires the destruction of a few threads of the shroud, and church authorities are waiting until all the results are in before deciding whether to allow the test. The method works by measuring concentrations of carbon-14, and should be accurate to within 50 to 100 years. If authentic, it would be about 1,940 years old.

Found in France in 1388, the shroud has since been kept in a silver casket locked by three keys, which is stored in a crypt of the Turin cathedral. Forty years later the Catholic Church denounced the cloth as a fraud, after a bishop declared that an artist had confessed to the hoax. The modern Roman Catholic Church has taken an official position on the shroud's authenticity, and if the relic continues to top with scientists, it may never get a chance to do so.

William Lawther

Dr. K. on the rebound

Henry Kissinger is now practicing a new brand of shuttle diplomacy as he shuttles among the American presidential candidates looking for a patron. Kissinger, one of the best-known foreign-policy planners in history, wants to be secretary of state again. Former president Gerald Ford, who still has an outside chance of getting the Republican nomination should the party convention become deadlocked in July, has already announced that he would get Kissinger back in power if he were ever again in the White House. But Kissinger is far too wary to put all his eggs in that colorful basket. In the past few weeks, either directly or through intermediaries, he has offered to give advice on foreign affairs to Ronald Reagan, George Bush, John Anderson, John Connally and Sen. Howard Baker. Even after Connally and Baker withdrew from the race, Kissinger was flatterring them with his attention, just in case they ended up in the vice-presidential chair and is a position to influence the top man's choice for the state department job.

With Reagan the current leader in the Republican field, Kissinger was paying most of his attention to the



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camp of the former California governor. Recently he called William Casey, Reagan's campaign director, to say that he felt Reagan was "well qualified" to be president, and went on to offer any foreign policy help that might be needed. But Kissinger's chances with Reagan have not looked very good. Reagan's top adviser on national security is Richard V. Allen, 44, who was former president Richard Nixon's chief adviser in 1969. Allen had expected to become Nixon's national security adviser in the White House but was passed over in favor of Kissinger. Now it's Allen's turn to get the kick-in, and he is generally thought to have enough influence to keep Kissinger away from the Reagan camp for now.

However, Kissinger scored points recently when he was invited to address the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington. He gave a major foreign policy speech that was directed at Reagan. *New York Times* columnist James Reston called it the "only presidential speech the editors heard" during the week that included appear-



Kissinger: "There's still some 'top'."

ances by Carter, Edward Kennedy, Reagan, Bush and Anderson.

In the speech Kissinger warned of "a monumental challenge in foreign affairs in the near future...with our relative military power declining, with our economic life-line increasingly vulnerable to blackmail, with hostile radical forces growing in every continent and with the number of countries willing to stake their future on our friendship dwindling." At the end of his remarks Kissinger added: "Many people have asked me if I would want to go through it all again as secretary of state. The problem is that nobody has really asked me to. But I'm not totally discouraged. There's still a place here."

William Lovther



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Letters

No wave is good news

While reading your cover article on new wave music (*New Wave: No-Star Rock*, April 17), I was amazed when I came across David Livingstone's definition of its lyrics: "think, think, think." In my opinion, if there is indeed any true thought in the music, it certainly exists on a very shallow level, and one of the characteristic faults of new wave is that it thinks "for" the people instead of tapping any original audience thought perception. Furthermore, from a musical and cultural level, the new wave music is no more important than disco, and indeed plays a similar role to its hyped-up predecessor in providing a release and filling a void, only in a different type of audience.

KENT TRENKLE, DALLAS, TEXAS



Police's King: Singing a different tune



Royal prerogatives

Your article *God Save Us From Our Grooming Queen* (April 14) by Allan Fotheringham was, in my opinion, as extreme and tasteless as the tale is blameworthy and the material is typical of this author's misuse of talent.

KE MURLOCK, OTTAWA

Of course the foolish Fotheringham knew what he was doing when he mocked the "Royals" and urged us on Prince Charles. No easier way to generate letters and increase flagging readership. Certainly he is well aware that

the Royals can answer, by protocol, answer back. Charles is a man of letters, talent, beauty and skills, dedicated by birth and background to public service. At 31, he has command of a sword, pistol, fly (faster than sound) and is colonel-in-chief of the Parachute Regiment with some 200 parachute descents behind him. If you don't think that calls for skill and guts, you try it. Always surprisingly turned out, tailored by the masterly ex-chief petty officer Teddy Watson of *Blues & Curbs*, Prince Charles is committed to him, charming, witty and with it.

DAVID SCOTT-ATKINSON, TORONTO

Congratulations to Allan Fotheringham for the sensitive exposure in his recent column on the Royal Family. It is long overdue for Canada to learn its role as a Royal Holiday Camp. Surely there is more than enough work for the Windsor to be in dark-ridden Britain. The sooner the rest of the world, as well as our governments, realize the intolerance of Royal visits, the better.

F. CHURLEY, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

It seems to me that Canada's weekly newsmagazine might have given its readers some information on Prince Charles's visit to the Lester B. Pearson College of the Pacific. You might, for instance, have noted that it is one of the United World Colleges (which include the College of the Atlantic in Wales and the College of Southeast Asia in Singapore) and that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, as president of the International Council of the United World Colleges, is involved in organizational planning, development and co-ordination. Your article should, in my opinion, have explored the possibility that in today's fragmented and alienated world an international force such as the United World Colleges is one of our brightest hopes for providing international understanding and unity among races and nations.

WARRICK T. DEER, KITCHENER, ONT.

Allan Fotheringham has again missed the boat by criticizing Britain's Royal Family purely for the fun of doing so. It becomes passé to bring down Britain's Royals in the early 1970s.

KATHLEEN PAGE, OTTAWA

All in the family

What caught me the most in your article on Saskatchewan's Saskatchewan Shores (the *World's Canada*, March 11) were the photos taken at Alberta in the provinces. It makes me wonder about this special gift we are supposed to feel for being optimistic and recently successful. It seems we have this gift for the same kind of reactions clacking you might associate with an old church dance Alberta. The pretty girl, has an exciting dance card, while the soldier made aware they'd never faced themselves like that. The idea that the man or woman working underground, or on an oil rig, is an office worker or on a tractor in Alberta, is somehow more selfish than men and women in other parts of Canada in discharging. To put one region

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against another is selfish negligence based on selling more products so easier how destructive the angle. To suggest that we in Alberta care less about our families, our friends, our communities and our country is an apparent contribution to bigotry.

MICHAEL DOMANUS, EDMONTON

Teen sex revisited

I am a female, 19 years of age, and I found your cover article *Teen Sex* (March 31) interesting. However, I feel

that the main message of the article was that genital sex for teen-agers was all right as long as the use of birth control was in existence. What is happening to today's morals (if any) if everyone says, "Go ahead. Just be protected." As far as previous sex concerns, they are influenced greatly by their peers and society. If society didn't publicize sex and easy-to-get birth control so much, perhaps parents and teen-agers wouldn't be so active in sexual relationships. I think we, as a society, should put more stress on the

nature of commitment between a male and a female than on the mechanical functions of sex.

L. E. HALL, WEFKIN, ONT.

My family has been a subscriber to your magazine for many years. I am a Grade 12 student and I find the factual though controversial issues you publish enjoyable. Your article on teen-age sexuality was informative and to the point. The writer seemed informed and aware of the present feelings among teen-agers and between teen-agers and their parents. I feel, however, that the writer has possibly added to the problem by shoving the ease of obtaining the pill or any other birth control method and by discussing only the side of those who have been sexually active and anguishing the views of those who haven't.

CLIFFORD BROWNE, GUELPH, ONTARIO

I thought your article on teen sex was long overdue. As a high-school student I agree with you wholeheartedly, merely quoting facts and figures on birth control and male and female anatomy for an education is not enough. The human aspect must be stressed.

ELIZABETH DENNAS, PORT BEAR, ONT.

Most of us older ones would agree that in this permissive age young people need advice about sex. For that matter, youngsters have always needed guidance but did not always receive it. Morality is not something dreamed up by the present older generation. It was developed centuries ago by men who were interested in the survival of their own race. They realized that for healthy preservation there must be some basic rules regarding the use and abuse of the means of procreation.

G. A. BISHOP, SALMON ARM, B.C.

I thought that your article on teen sex was honest writing revealing the epidemic proportions of problems derived from teen sex. I cannot believe the number of teen-agers that would risk the chance of having a baby while they are still at school, and with no job to support themselves.

BOB WILCOX, PORT BEAR, ONT.

No wonder teen-age boys and girls are into sex. They would have to be robots to resist experimenting after being bombarded by sex instruction without moral training, explicit sexual pictures in magazines, blatant sex movies and lurid sex shops. They have been short-changed. They are led to believe that all their troubles and problems will be solved in bed.

JEANETTE HODGSON, GERRY, N.C.

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Life with a master juggler

By David Baird

Only has the Supreme Commander appeared so active. After a succession of setbacks, 56-year-old Tunisian President Habib Bourguiba seems to have taken a new lease on life. But the daily juggling act, the juggling of political appointments, the evenings and going at the seaside presidential palace and the mass of ancient Carthage are regarded as futile gestures by the more cynical of his 62 million subjects. While criticism tends to be muted at the two-starred warrior who has led the North African nation for 24 years since independence from the French, exasperation is common. Al-

though Tunisia is comparatively prosperous, its problems have abruptly come into focus due to a leadership crisis and an attempted coup. "Bourguiba is out of touch with reality. He is shuffling his old cronies around but nothing can really change here until he goes," commented a young Tunisian sitting at a table on the capital's main thoroughfare, Habib Bourguiba Avenue. After decades in power the only authorized party, the Rastemarian Socialist Party (RSP), has lost its dynamism. Outside its thickening arteries exist numerous opposition groups. Thirteen leftist opponents of the government were recently hanged and two sentenced in absentia for their part in an



Suspected rebel Gharzafi, street scenes in old parts of Tunis, and Bourguiba's case of thickening arteries

armed uprising in January. At least 60 people lost their lives in the attack on the playground-maze town of Gafsa. The attempt, which failed miserably when the local population offered little support, prompted France to dispatch aircraft and ships, while the United States speeded up deliveries of military equipment to another pro-Western state locked in danger of destabilization. It was a legitimate fear since the road was congested and supplied by neighboring Libya, a country known for its aid to a multitude of liberation movements. One of the commando leaders executed, known as Che-Zayel

Chert, reportedly was told by Libyan leader Colonel Muammar Khadafi before the attack: "At Gafsa it is a question of life or death for the Arab nation." And the Libya-based Free Gafsa Radio has been urging the Tunisians to revolt, while reporting nonexistent Tunis street clashes supposedly involving American marines. Khadafi has not concealed his hostility for the Bourguiba regime since a scheme for union of the two countries ended in 1975. Bourguiba, jutting his heavy chin more prominently than ever, has been using the Gafsa issue to whip up patriotic support. But by late winter he suffered another blow when his most obvious successor, Prime Minister Hedi Smerai, was suddenly rushed to a Paris hospital with a brain hemorrhage.



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Some of North America's leading space scientists now believe that Earth may, after all, be the only planet in the galaxy where intelligent life has developed far enough to produce high technology. During the past few months many of these scientists, meeting at closed symposiums and private technical sessions within universities, have come to the conclusion that if there were other advanced civilizations on the Milky Way we would have heard from them by now. Says Michael Papagiannis, chairman of the astronomy department at Boston University: "A series of thoughts and conclusions has led a good number of us to believe that our galaxy is either teeming with intelligent life or we are alone." He explains: "It is a natural tendency of life in general to want to expand and conquer and explore. That is true all the way from amoebas to men. If you leave your house unattended, then spiders will take over. If you leave your pool without chlorine it will be full of algae. Man has done the same thing with Earth. We have left not a single corner unexplored. And we believe that even any civilization has the technology for interstellar travel, it is natural they will send spacecrafts full of people to other stars to open colonies."

In this way, argues Papagiannis, if life had developed earlier on planets of other stars, spacecrafts would have swept through the galaxy thousands, perhaps millions, of years ago. He calculates that it would take about 10 million years to colonize all of the 100 billion stars in the 100-billion-year-old Milky Way. Such colonization may begin shortly, according to University of Maryland astronomer Ben Zuckerman. He predicts that men could start leaving the Earth to live aboard great space ships in our solar system within the next 100 years. "A few hundred years after that, certainly no more than a thousand years, we will be attaching nuclear rockets to these ships and launching them blast off for other stars."

That prospect, says Papagiannis, is a "fantastic challenge. It may be up to us to survy the fance of intelligence to every corner of the galaxy or even the universe. That could be our destiny."

William Lowther

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across language lines to distress immigrant minorities and embrace many French-speaking Quebecers.

So far, in the streets, spring-mellowed Quebecers were still sorting and confining their divisions to the choice of blue "oui" or red "non" buttons. But the politicians, often impelled by personal enmity, mercilessly exacerbated Quebec's old, endemic fears of assimilation, racism, totalitarianism and economic collapse. Referendums are designed to divide and the legacy of trepidation left by this one will take years to soothe.

The essential, underlying issue is



The leaders: — Ryan (left) and Levesque; the essential, underlying issue is fear.



By David Thomas

Sometimes the bogymen are just laughable. One elderly, semi-senile, for example, got a lot carried away evoking the energy in the damp chill of a Magistral Islands meeting hall. "Look at the English-speaking up to crack us," Ontario Premier Bob Rae bellowed into the microphone, blissfully unaware that his effusive prompter and organizer of this "yes" rally is an authentic anglophone called Edward Bartley. But Bartley's over-the-top networking, the spectre being conjured up by both sides in Quebec's vicious referendum campaign are becoming belvably cruel.

Just last Friday, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, on his first big foray into the campaign, compared Premier René Lévesque to Cuba's Fidel Castro

and Haitian dictator Jean-Claude Duvalier. That was only a few hours after "no" leader Claude Ryan had made his first-paired accusation of fascist spirit. "Yes" partisans exhibiting photographs of defamed federalists billboards, Ryan urged voters not to be intimidated by such acts "which resemble fascism—and I employ the word deliberately." The fascist theme was evoked earlier in the week when, before 1,000 Montreal anglophones, Conservative Peter Blaikie paraphrased German theologian Martin Niemöller: "When the Nazis came for the Jews, I did not stand up because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the Catholics, I did not stand up because I was a Protestant. Then they came for me, and there was no one left to stand up." Blaikie denies he meant to equate "oui" leader Lévesque's Parti Québécois with Nazism. "I vaguely recall that I'll be honest with you, I was not a Jew," he warned reporters after his speech—but his words resonated

fear. Only because French-speaking Quebecers fear for their ancestry's future as a separate minority within Canada will there be a vote May 20. But, because they also fear for their economic security, the vote will not be a straightforward choice between federalism and independence. Instead, Lévesque's government is catering to both fears by godfearing the cultural security of independence and the economic assurance of a retained Canadian dollar. Lévesque's self-righteous protest that "no" enigmatism are fearmongers, rings hollow when compared to his "yes" movement's manifestos which set out as the first reason for sovereignty: "To ensure our cultural and social security, surrounded by an anglophone sea." And the same manifestos were clearly that a "no" would be "a break in Quebec's historical continuity and a refusal of equality." It would impinge on the status quo and risk choking off the future. Such threats to a people en-



Then came the first weeks of the "yes" campaign concentrated on pressing Quebec's economic autonomy because, Lévesque said, "That's where they're always trying to strike us." His economic development minister, Bernard Landry, reassured both mind and body: "We now produce 30 kinds of cheese—if that continues, we'll soon be more civilized than the French."

Most importantly, the federalist use of fear to divert votes from the PQ is responsible for the government's soft-soled referendum strategy which has so abuzzed the objective of independence that many voters are genuinely confused. Now, even the phrase "never-



agony-associated" has been dumped in the PQ's garbage can of biased expressions. The operative explanation for independence is "equality." At best, the government's anti-fear strategy is paternalistic, at worst it implies a contempt for the electorate's ability to



Trudeau: 'We don't know what you want'

make the same words in Montreal. Dave Barker warned Quebecers that in the rest of Canada "it just will result in a closing of minds and a hardening of attitudes. We recognize and support the desire for change."

But it was for Trudeau that a splinter election was wilding, and he spared them the speeches. Bigger more than 2,000 cheering partisans then celebrated at the wake a door that a vote for seemingly disassociation is a dead end, a two-week-old attack, he required the Liberals to

accept as poor students of their uncaring teachers in the independence movement. Seeking to counter fears about disarming attacks, Trudeau argued that a vote for a rejected association really puts Quebec's destiny in the hands of others. "He

The 1990 'Brink's Coup' a score plot?

choose between dark alternatives. Some, like Minister Jean Charest, simply refuse to take sides publicly, extremely better to had post-referendum sounds. "Old friendships still, ties are broken. Greetings, letters and shared inside spirit and hearts. What sadness, what sadness." Diogenes's public abstention may be motivated by a personal fear of his own that of being on the wrong side on the morning after, May 11—an uncomfortable place for a politician dependent on provincial authorities for his budget and power.

A while now a set of fears is poised to pose in post-referendum Quebec, particularly in the too likely event that a majority of francophones vote "yes" but the "no" of minority groups deems the government a victory. "It would require very steady nerves," Lévesque told a group of anglophone Jews. "Anglophones who vote 'no,' the francophones who vote 'yes' shouldn't expect us to thank them." And Ryan says a majority "no" among both language groups is essential "if we want a verdict strong enough so that we don't have to repeat this in a second or a third referendum." That prospect is enough to strike fear into this nation's heart.



realized that 'you don't break up a country over an ambiguity and challenged Lévesque's forces 'to tell us what they would do if Quebec votes 'no. We know what you're asking, but we don't know what you want'.

Overcome of a press conference only heart beat was quick to say what he didn't want. No more of Trudeau's shored dreams for renewed federalism. He conceded that if there was a "no" vote, his government would probably go to constitutional talks, but he warned a perspective disarray among "no" voters. That would continue as they are. The talk would go on circles, and with a "no" vote Quebec would be there with a greatly reduced bargaining position.

The battle for this "no" side is to convince Quebecers that major restraint will come promptly. So far there have been too many years of break like and tried solutions, too much healthy lower francophone-immigrant typology for not saying French nationalism is not a good thing for unimpaired hope. What would be left for "no" in the doing days of the campaign was the promise that negotiations would actually lead to a better deal for Quebec—"that is a ridiculous conversion by the third party know."

Robert Lewis

Saskatchewan

Cutting them off at the purse

The announcement maybe didn't come as a surprise, but that certainly didn't lessen its impact. If there were any questions about the victory or resolve in the new political temper taken by Dick Collier, they evaporated last week when the former Saskatchewan Progressive Conservative leader launched his new western separatist crusade under the official banner of the United Party. The pro-

cessed in a hurry, however, and after being swamped by calls and letters of support, many of the envelopes containing unsolicited donations, Collier realized he had underestimated the numbers who shared his view. Says Collier: "I didn't give you an exact figure on the number of letters and phone calls we received, but I know it was more than our secretary could handle."

By forming a party, making the United the third party in the Saskatchewan legislature behind the NDP government and PC Opposition, Collier said he was offering a means for disgruntled Canadians to express in a concrete fashion their dissatisfaction with compulsory bilingualism and all



United leaders Brian Chisum and Collier: one way to limit 'compulsory bilingualism'

for none, it was explained, signified "the best option."

It came only six weeks after Collier, who stepped down last November after seven years at the Tory helm, broke away to sit as an independent in the Saskatchewan legislature. The once-outraged Collier was able to promote his goal of western Canadian unity with the United States, a cause he adopted when the country polarized in East-West lines in the February federal election. When, a week after he left the party, he was joined by longtime friend Dennis Blunk, another Conservative MP, the pair met the westerners' requirements to apply for official party status and the \$55,000 in provincial grants that comes with it.

At the time, Collier deflected suggestions that he was on the brink of giving birth to a party, claiming he didn't think his separatist movement had it. He led to such a minimalist political statement. Portenous and his mind

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without a seat in the legislature, called on the other elected members to have the seats held by Collier and Blunk "vacant" by passing a motion that would force the resignation of the two members who got into the act, with Ian MacPherson, a longtime Tory candidate, hiring a lawyer to look into the legislation that makes the new party eligible for public funding. Even though Collier and Blunk would not accept any public funding once as the leader, but would funnel the money into the party and its goal of fielding candidates in upcoming provincial elections across the West, MacPherson was expected to see if the motion could be set off.

The private initiative might prove unnecessary if the meetings from the provincial government by the end of the week proved true. Premier Allan Rock's government couldn't ignore the public reaction to the prospects of Collier and Blunk, elected as Conservatives, now receiving taxpayers' money to help their cause. Anticipation was in the works to adjust the legislation and government statistics predicted the flow of money to the Uniteds would dry up.

Where Blunk heard the rumour, he called such action "undermining." No doubt Collier would have had something to say about it, but he was back in his beloved ranch in Arizona and not available for comment. Dick Elder

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Ontario

'I miss the dogs, not the child'

According to pathologists in Oshawa County, Ontario, the fracturing of a 14-month-old Albert from his mother's womb or two before the final stillbirth seven days later killed him in May, 1993. Police found the four-hour boy's mangled 11-pound body in a house that was filled with vomit and excrement. Yet Albert could have been the subject of supervised visits by the Oxford County Family and Children's Services for most of his life, and a public health nurse had visited the child in his home in the village of Charnwood four days before he died without noticing a total of eight fractures to his head, arms and back.

Last week, Vera Iltis, 34, was sentenced to two years in a day jail and three more years probation for the manslaughter of her son. Two weeks earlier her husband, Raydon, 35, was acquitted by a Supreme Court jury. And saw that the child abuse murder trial in over, many of the 50,000 people of the 100,000 people of the surrounding area would have



been a third accused—the Oxford County Family and Children's Services. Testimony showed the Lattis lived in terrible squalor and disorder with several dogs and cats. The welfare struggle was described as "tragic" and "not too smart," having few friends other than social workers. Children's services records opened after the trial revealed that the pair lost custody of their first child, six-year-old Sheila, in 1974 after she was taken to hospital with cuts and burns to her mouth two days after Vera Lattis was released from treatment for depression. The file on Albert begins five weeks after his birth, when police phoned to report Vera having a "psychiatric" breakdown with the baby in her arms. Vera was treated in hospital—and custody services said Albert's babysitter directly after she complained that Royden was drinking up the baby-sitting money.

Supervisory visits by the agency began in April, 1977, and an Aug. 12 report

stated ominously: "It is helpful to know Albert is still living." Nurses and social workers found that Vera Lattis could only slowly learn rudimentary feeding and child care. On one occasion they overcame her suspicions and took the family to a pediatrician 15 miles away in London, Ont., where eight-month-old Albert was put into hospital for three weeks. He weighed nine pounds. Now the doctor says he had found Albert Al-



Royden Lattis (left), the Lattis family (left), Vera Lattis with police after sentencing (above); her son died of eight fractures.

bert's cure, but was not told that the earlier child had been abused. Due to a combination of holidays and conferences, the Lattis family was not visited by the agency for a month before their next death.

Police never identified the weapon that fatally killed Albert Lattis, but among the outraged citizens of Oxford County, rumors still circulate that he was battered on the family washing machine. The speculation rises out of shock and the unanswered questions of how and why children's services justified leaving the infant in such a situation. In a jailhouse conversation, police overheard Vera tell her husband "I miss the dogs, not the child."

Responding to criticism, supervisor Kati Khanasneh of Oxford Family and Children's Services claims the voluminous information on the case wasn't enough to warrant a welfare action but, in fact, the agency never tried. Khanasneh adds that if Vera Lattis has another child, the agency will take steps to protect it. That wasn't good enough for Ontario Social Services Minister Keith Norton, who has ordered a report on the tragedy.

By Gill Slater

A murderous Mickey Finn

If anyone takes a certain female technician at the University of Toronto's medical faculty how she takes her coffee these days, she's likely to insist on black for a very good reason. Last June, during routine tests on employees who work with radioactive materials, it was discovered that someone had slipped a small amount of Isotop 136, a radioactive substance used in medical research and diagnosis, into the jar of Coffee Matic the woman kept in her desk.

University officials have refused to identify the technician and, for the past 16 months, along with the RCMP, the federal Atomic Energy Control Board and Metro Toronto police, they have been re-coasting what sometimes must have seemed like scenes from *Arrested and Old Law* in an attempt to find the culprit. But after investigating the woman's history, her friends and co-workers, and even her home for mere traces of the tattle-tale, coliform, powdery substance, they are certain of only one thing: "Someone unknown," said a university official last week, when the incident was first made public, "was deliberately doing her. After three months of using the contaminated coffee for whatever, the woman had 13 years of radioactive iodine in her thyroid gland—close to the maximum allowed for such a period."

It was the second such incident at the U of T in less than a year. Another time, a young man broke into the medical sciences building and stole several vials of low-level radioactive material. He later

fessed, simply because it drew up the terms itself, a practice that distinguishes Canada's atomic energy rules from many other countries.

"If an institution wants to be involved with radioactive materials," says AEBC President Jim Jenkinson, "we ask them to prove their competence by spelling out in detail how they would operate and secure such a thing." The drafting of such "licensing support documents," drawn up by each individual user, differs from the U.S. approach where all users must adhere to the same lengthy set of regulations.

Such an approach, Jenkinson argues, often detracts from specific local security needs. "It puts us in regulatory agencies in a sort of ivory tower, telling people how to run things without really being there. Accidents like those Mike Island happened because operators were trying to comply with a whole host of federal regulations instead of looking at their own particular situation."

Over the next few months, the University of Toronto will be working to eliminate its own peculiar problems with radioactive security and storage. And while it may be simple to make theft of radioactive materials from its buildings exceedingly difficult, it will be more complicated to ensure that someone isn't slipped an atomic Mickey Finn again.

Cheryl Hawkins

Newfoundland

Count the feet and divide by four . . .

If the Barron Ground carbon that ranges over about 100,000 square miles of Quebec and Labrador semi-arid-land country would kindly stand still and be counted, they would resolve a question that has led Newfoundland officials to accuse Quebec of "unrepresentative" over the jointly managed, derelict natural resource.

Just a week after Premier Brian Peckford threw up his hands over Quebec's stand-off on Labrador hydro-power and Ottawa intervention, Tourism, Recreation and Culture Minister Ron Daws accused Quebec of endangering the George River free-ranging caribou herd, the world's largest, which roams from Ungava Bay to the coast of northern Labrador and as far west as James Bay. The herd is the main sustenance for about 2,000 Indians, Inuit and white Labradorians who harvest about 2,000 caribou each year, compared with Quebec's 5,000 kill taken largely in the name of sport. Though administering the border-crossing herds has been the responsibility of an interprovincial committee for the past 10 years, Daws



Tourism Minister Daws, accusing Quebec of endangering Newfoundland caribou.

sees its efforts have only brought "increasing frustration" to the Newfoundland side. Last week the situation reached an impasse as Quebec officials concentrated on the referendum question rather than caribou counting.

In January, published reports suggested to Newfoundland that Quebec Letters, Fish and Game Minister Jacques Lussier had put the George River caribou population at an overabundant 250,000 to 300,000, which justified unlimited hunting for nonresident sports hunters. Newfoundlandologists, who say their inadequate research is nevertheless ahead of Quebec's, place the

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Quebec's Leonard (above), Brian Giroux (below) examine the bird

herd at a manageable 150,000 to 200,000, an estimate supported by Canadian Wildlife Federation spokesman Dave Giesinger, who terms Quebec's figures "a probable exaggeration."

Chief Newfoundland wildlife biologist Eugene Merrer says flatly that Quebec does not have data to support a culling of the herd. In fact, research by Newfoundland biologists, assisted by the department of regional economic expansion, suggests that the herd may have begun to decline because of wolf predation. Joint technical committee

plans for future studies on population, mortality and productivity never got off the ground when Quebec refused funding, and that year no meeting was held when Newfoundland decided the two provinces were on "the same old rutted" leading nowhere. "All we want to do is manage the goldmined herd," says Merrer. "It's no big political thing, but Quebec is ignoring us."

Ron Dave points out that the non-cooperation of the wolf's second-largest caribou herd illustrates the danger of the current disagreement. Through overhunting and wolf predation, Alaska's western Arctic herd declined in the past decade to 60,000 from 280,000 be-

fore a Canada-U.S. management scheme was set up. A harlequin deer to home may be the fate of a smaller Labrador herd, the Lac Joseph, which has dwindled from 5,500 animals in 1970 to about 300 today—a depletion that the province blames on Quebec hunters.

Meanwhile, the caribou are quietly shedding their shaggy brown winter coats for a softer shade of grey. And after May 30, when Lucien Leonard will have time to turn an attention from moose to the "one" with the caribou crisis, the disposable coat will have started changing again as the annual calving begins on the windswept plains of the Ungava. **Geoff Hazi**



Alberta

Suffer the little children

A group of protesting mothers say Alberta should be "unhated and humiliated" by the way the provincial government treats children in its care. And to emphasize the wintry state of government child care, this spring the mothers demanded on the legislature in Edmonton armed with brooms and rags, intending to administer a housecleaning to the social services department. The protest was triggered off by the death of 3½-year-old Miranda Phlips, the latest in a year-long series of scandals that the housecleaning didn't take, and last week the RCMP charged a man and a woman with contributing to juvenile delinquency and indecent assault in a case involving alleged sexual assaults on girls in a north Alberta group home.

The scandal usually in case came to light late in April and involved three teenage girls at the High Prairie group home. But Beagle, the winged head of social services, has said only that there are 14,000 children "in our care at any given time and there are bound to be people problems and they have been going on and they will continue to go on." In fact, the problems have been going on



Beagle (top, left), anti-Bogale protesters (above), murder victim Phlips (left) abused

for the entire year that Beagle has been running the department. Last summer, extensive use of solitary confinement was exposed at the Westfield Treatment Centre in Edmonton, where children were locked in "locking rooms," consisting only of a mattress and a toilet in a cell, for as long as 48 hours.

Then it was revealed that during a four-month period last year at a treatment residence in Peace River, staff forced a boy to sleep in shirts soaked with his own urine, made another outed food smeared with hot sauce, ordered a girl to smear her menstrual blood on a bathroom wall and made a boy, thought to be retarded, stand for hours with his hands in a sink full of dirty dishwater. While psychologist of the Margaret Paulson, designer of the program, argues that it is a reputable part of aversive therapy, Beagle admitted he found the "alleged practice repulsive" and ordered a full public inquiry into institutionalized child care in Alberta.

Mr. Justice Gowanlock of the Court of Queen's Bench says the inquiry's hearings won't begin before fall, but he has already been handed another case to investigate Miranda Phlips was beaten to death in the house her mother shared with several others in Edmonton. My reads was returned to her mother, Pearl, last June by a Calgary family court after 1½ years in the custody of the child welfare branch. At the time, Pearl Phlips was two days away from trial on a heavily-beweaved charge.

Judge Gowanlock's (investigating commission may take up to two years to do its work, but the merits of using controversial behavior modification techniques are being debated in psychiatric circles. **Sharon Zuckerman**

British Columbia

Selling teen sex on trendy street

The hundred or so teen-aged prostitutes along Davie Street in Vancouver's lightness-tinged west end are making the headlines again as authorities try to tackle the problem. Even Davie Street, the unofficial looking of red-light districts with its supermarkets and trendy restaurants, has for several years attracted young runaways of both sexes to its sidewalks, where they sell sexual favors and beg dogs practically around the clock. Starting as early as 1 a.m., "no catch the joggers" as one police officer puts it—the young hookers work over the lunch hour, as well as putting in a full graveyard shift till 4 or 5 in the morning. At the bottom of the hill toward the beach are the younger ones, forlorn and scared-looking 13-year-olds, at the top are the more experi-

enced 18- and 16-year-olds who have evolved to three. Although it's often a lonely battle, both police and social workers intervene as best they can—given the outdated Juvenile Delinquents Act and insufficient facilities and manpower—trying to prevent the young prostitutes from sinking to the more notorious downtown area around Georgia and Howe.

The kids along Davie Street are but one manifestation of the failures of British Columbia's court system and government in dealing with ever-increasing juvenile crime. In the past month two provincial judges, Harry Beagle and Patricia Byrne, have threatened to send children needing psychiatric care in a containment facility to Health Minister Saxe Munn, and to a senior barrister, because BC lacks just such a place.

In another court case last week, a 16-year-old girl, who is an active prostitute on Davie Street, was brought before Judge Beagle under the provisions of the Protection of Children Act so that he could determine whether she was in need of care and protection. Ironically, the government itself is the girl's guardian. Judge Beagle has reserved his decision.

The government is trying to coordinate its agencies to tackle the problem, but for the young people on Davie Street that is probably quite confusing: all those agencies wanting to help, but at the same time the customers are allowed to exploit them. Says social worker John Tervay: "I don't understand why the trucks aren't prosecuted. They're committing a form of rape, after all." Police and prosecutors say that such charges rarely result in conviction because the young prostitutes refuse to testify.

Nonetheless, as Judge Beagle said in court last Thursday to the 16-year-old girl brought before him, "Kids like you are valuable, you're worth a lot. Maybe we're not doing too good a job of showing it." Few could disagree with that sentiment. **Mark Badger**

Child prostitutes taking up a trick. Customers committing a form of rape



The flag that wouldn't float

The only talking around the flagpole to be done in Newfoundland in coming weeks will be from behind microphones thumping, to stand by, premier's deputy new tag and maintain the red, white and blue of their beloved Union Jack. "Take it out into the Atlantic and let rocks around it said all it got" shrieked St. John's Daily Mirror when the red, white, blue and white image was unveiled last week. Monarchist Arthur Collier wept openly at the unveiling and the Canadian Legion denounced the symbol-laden design as "a

Pratt and the flag: 'a slap in the face'

slap in the face of the war dead." Last November, the legislature's first committee began colliding ideas for a flag of the province's own, and the proposed with of often heated competitions was turned over to a select- St. John's Christopher Pratt, who put it together for free.

Last week Premier (Brian Peckford) will preside over a flag debate in the legislature to be followed by a free vote. Though it is a prebidding approach, a photo in poll conducted by the St. John's local police opened during 9 to 1 against. That's goodbye to a paid-up member of the Monarchist League, and Pratt anticipating the with of royalists. **Geoff Hazi**

brothers waited for the return of their mother from a "military park" in Los Angeles where her abandoned remains, and those of eight other "orphaned parents," had been discovered—long since thrown out—in an underground vault. Seeking justice, the Hermans and other disgruntled relatives have filed a \$15-million suit in Los Angeles against Robert Nelson, founder of the Cryonics Society of California. The trouble is that Nelson—and the fees he collected for his freezing services—cannot be traced. Police say his financially troubled society had not replenished the liquid nitrogen supply, which requires monthly renewal, for more than a year.

What's more, as a result of the scandal over Nelson's operation, the whole cryonics business in California, in coming under the harshest criticism since its inception in the 1960s. Cryonics—from the Greek *kryos*, for cold—began with a 1964 best seller, *The Prospect of Immortality*, by physicist Robert Ettinger. One follower was Walt Walicki, although relatives scolded Walicki's

World

The spring of their discontent

By James Fleming

The ceremony could not have been more decorative in its severity. Inside Amsterdam's 13th-century Nieuwe Kerk (New Church), dressed in the ornate-trimmed black robes worn by her ancestor King William III at his 1644 inauguration, Queen Beatrix was invited as the Netherlands' arch sovereign last week. But even as the spoke of the sovereign responsibilities of her calling, the streets of the city outside were engaged by the worst riots in Dutch history as enraged youths protesting the country's acute lack of housing, clashed with police. By the time they were finished, hundreds were injured or arrested and, except for the aerial stretch of one gas in the air, the city appeared in the words of an observer "as if hit by a hurricane."

Ugly as they were, however, the Dutch riots were only one incident in four days of mayhem which swept Europe last week from Norway, where May Day celebrations turned into uncontrolled riots, to Sweden, which was crippled by the worst strikes in 70 years. In London, where five Iranian gasmen used Iran's London embassy as a base of tactics.

In the Netherlands, at least, there had been some forewarning of the upheaval. Ever since Amsterdam was rocked by riots two months ago the city had lost on a nervous edge. Then, in the week last week, the core of the rioters was made up of the 16,000 young Dutch squatters or "krakers" who occupy a large section of vacant downtown buildings. Aware at the fact that so many late April arrivals and efforts would stand vacant at a time when the economy is in a down-swing, unemployment soaring and the shortage of affordable housing chronic—the waiting list contains 55,000 names—the krakers had already moved into the empty quarters and set up home, challenging anyone to budger them. When the authorities obliged the ensuing riots were quelled only by a massive force of baton-wielding police. But the bitterness grew and, although no one knew exactly when it would happen, when the 48-year-old Beatrix was made queen, everyone knew it would be nasty. And so it was.

As 71-year-old Beatrix introduced



Queen Beatrix waves to jump and cheer

her successor and eldest daughter from the palace balcony, smoke bombs exploded on the fringe of the 40,000-strong throng gathered below. And only a mere week events took on an almost surreal appearance as 2,000 young demonstrators were expelled by policemen with batons and water cannons. As white-faced parents watched infants from harm's way, the protesters hurled everything from cobblestones to bottles in reply. And elsewhere in the city youths smashed shop windows and set cars alight. Bad news winners. "It was one of the toughest occasions in Dutch history."

But if the Dutch authorities were prepared for trouble, their counterparts in Norway had no such advantage. Indeed, the rioting there seemed as sudden as it was serious. About 2,000 youths had congregated in downtown Oslo to celebrate May Day. They unexpectedly, the mood of the celebration, many of whom had been drinking, turned ugly and they took to the streets, breaking windows and looting at least 50 stores. In the ensuing clashes with riot police, 70 were injured and more than 100 arrested.

And while those events were unfolding, equally grave if less violent unrest was paralyzing Sweden. The storm's center was a summer two-week-old wage dispute between the powerful Trade Union Confederation and the Swedish Employers' Confederation. While the unions had demanded an increase topping 15 per cent this year, the employers were willing to give a mere



Dutch protesters hurling stone attacks (top) and masked by water cannon (middle right) and British police holding riot shields (bottom right) in London, England

two per cent, pointing to declines in industrial output. From there the battle lines hardened and two weeks ago, when the employers threatened a lockout, 30,000 public-sector workers walked off the job. Then, last week, with no sign of a settlement, the employers turned out their threat, and 776,000 found themselves on the streets. At that point another 10,000 workers promptly joined them. The net effect, hotels and restaurants closed their doors, air and sea traffic ground to a halt, and everything from buses and trams to supermarkets and heavy industries were held. In a matter of hours Sweden's reputation as a model of industrial peace, long intact by ongoing discussions between labor and management since the Second World War, was shattered.

Meanwhile, in London, a bizarre out-crop of the familiar hostage crisis ex-

posed the headlines in mid-week. A group of masked Arab gunmen had burst into the Iranian embassy, a white 19th-century house overlooking the spring blossoms of Hyde Park, overpowered the London banker at the door and were holding some 30 Iranians and four British hostages, with a threat to blow up the building in 24 hours.

The gunmen—police think three may be five—claimed to be business from the southwestern oil-rich province of Khuzestan and to belong to "the Group of Al-Shahed," meaning "martyr."

They were demanding the release of 51 political prisoners held in Kuwait, which they termed Arabistan and the "Treason of the Arabistan people."

Iran immediately rejected the gunmen's demands and threatened to execute prisoners in Iranian jails if harm came to the London hostages. In a TV interview, Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh denounced the embassy siege as the work of "a few mercenaries, agents of Arabistan," and said the action would have no effect in the case of the American hostages in Tehran. Other Iranians, however, called it a plot by President Jomeh's enemies. London's police, meanwhile, had swung with rapid precision into their prepared strategy for such emergencies. Based on establishing regular verbal contact with the gunmen and applying steady psychological pressure over the hours and days, the method proved its success in two stages. In 1975, one Iranian armed robber in an Italian restaurant and the other in his gunmen held up in a midday shopping apartment.

Two-and-a-half for the embassy passed quietly. Police Chief Sir David McNee, a blunt-spoken Scot, advised the kidnappers there was nothing the British authorities could do to help their cause. Right or wrong, the siege settled into an apparently passive routine.

Outside, cheering pro-Shahite demonstrations provoked someuffles but were dispersed when police pointed them into a road off the scene. Then British students got into the act, chanting "Rule Britannia" and "Go home, you Home! Football fans and shivers-headed Hare Krishna followers joined in.

But, for their part, the police maintained a tight-lipped silence about their dialogue with the kidnappers and, as the siege moved into the weekend, large blue screens were set up to hide the embassy operations. Whether a swift end was in sight or not, it looked as though the "hotly-armed" police tactics might once again be put to rest.

With correspondents' files from London's Sunday Times and the Netherlands.



Yury Nosenko with wife Elena, and the background with anti-Chinese signs

crystic fantasy by reanimating him as his death in 1966.

At the height of the cryonics craze in the early 1970s, Nelson's society alone claimed 1,000 members, and rival groups appeared around the U.S. Today, the cult still flourishes in California. One San Francisco society, Trans-Time, has several independent plots three frozen bodies awaiting future cloning. Lawyers for the families roiled by Nosenko are calling for a state investigation. Said one "This man could spell peril for the cryonics industry." William Seible

Washington City and Parents in the Future of this, when Russian dissidents fled in 1974 of Soviet in the age of a. They said to estimate \$200,000 to be a very realistic estimate. About 100,000 to be a very realistic estimate. About 100,000 to be a very realistic estimate. About 100,000 to be a very realistic estimate.

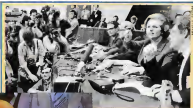
South Africa

Lessons taught in the streets

The dumpy, middle-aged colored woman in Cape Town's seedy Ash-bone district watched as her children demonstrated against their "racist education," then asked angrily, "How long can you keep a dog chained?" That question seemed perilously close to an explosive answer last week as the gravest outbreak of school unrest in

South Africa since 1976 threatened to become a world power.

The trouble began three weeks ago when several schools for colored (mixed race) students in the Cape Town area boycotted classes. From there, the protest was taken up by colored and Indian students across the nation and, in Durban and Cape Town, joined by sympathetic white students. Riot police responded with baton charges and tear gas and, last week, officers broke up a peaceful demonstration in Johannesburg, arresting more than 750 students. More ominously, the unrest threatened to spread to teachers in the Cape Peninsula and to schools in several provinces.



Thatcher at news conference (top); Giscard and Schmidt confer 'wealth-boost'

The Luxembourg-Mexico coming on the very day Carlos Vazquez announced his resignation as U.S. secretary of state is proof that the bolded attempt to free U.S. hostages in Tehran made it clear that if the two could not agree on such matters as budgets and the price of oil it could hardly claim the right to interfere in the outside world.

The facts of the failure were simple enough. Britain, which pays more into the EC budget than any other country despite its weak economic position, came to Luxembourg to get its annual contribution to the kitty knocked down by four-fifths. Its eight partners offered only two thirds of the bill for this year and next. At that point the British leader dug in her heels and vowed to abstain all its proceedings until she got satisfaction.

Behind the facts, however, lay an accumulation of bad feeling between Britain and France over such questions as Irish prices, fisheries and matters, general exasperation with Britain's negative attitude in European councils almost since the day it joined them in 1973, and growing displeasure among

The prospect of widespread unrest among black students is a haunting worry for Prime Minister Pius Boitha's government. It was a school strike in the black township of Soweto in June, 1976, that sparked bloody riots which left 532 dead and thousands injured. In hopes of heading off another Soweto, government officials have done some tough talking. The minister of colored affairs, Marnas Steyn, blamed outside "agitators" for the trouble and threatened: "If the pupils don't go back, I'll have to take the law into my own hands." The minister of education, P. J. Erasmus, said Prime Minister Boitha told cabinet last week: "If the state is threatened, it will use all the power at its disposal."



Barbra young will the power at his disposal

disposal. There must be no doubt about this.²²

The situation is complicated, however, by the lack of communication between the government and the colored community. A consultative council for colored education quit en masse last month, and no one is prepared to fill the vacuum. Nor are the high-school principals in Cape Town willing to intercede. When asked by Steyn to urge their students to return to class, they refused. Explained one: "We had to tell them no otherwise we'd be seen by our pupils as government lackeys."

For this part, the students say they have had enough talk from government. "They made a lot of promises to us when 1978 and kept none," said a 17-year-old Cape Town student named Gerrie. Toward equality, the same type of education system got set up at Robben Island (a wealthy Cape Town suburb). The education we got is meant to make us nothing but cheap labor for the whites. It's gutter education. Certainly, the disparities are wide: in the past few years, the government spent \$1,000 per white child and \$100 per colored one and \$500 on each black. Another demand is pay parity for colored and white teachers in colored schools. One colored teacher said he earned \$288 less each month than his white counterpart.

At week's end, the students appeared ready to tough it out with the authorities. And so, it seemed, were their parents. "You have to pay the price, to make the sacrifice," read the large, little woman in Ashburn. "I'll be in there with them. If someone can convince me

Michael Elliott



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Busk Rogers' vivacious 24th-century TV cohort, **Cal Wilson** *Deering*, spends his real-life weekends in 19th-century style piloting his and leading 100 band of canals on an upstate New York ranch. (Despite the fading show's success, *Blue Grey*, 38, leads a quiet family life with real estate agent husband *Kenneth Schwartz* and toddler son *Karen* and, despite her obvious strictly space-out charms, wants to avoid the poster-pin-up whirl to which *Fame* *Fawcett* et al have succumbed. "I shy away from merchandising—there's something in my gut that just says, 'That's not me,'" says Grey. "I enjoy being a woman, and my sexuality, but I don't want to score from it." Along with her acting career, she has been taking vocal lessons for the past four years and last week made her singing debut during a taping of *Peet's Place*, a sitcom variety show partly being filmed in Toronto. "I've never sang for anyone before except my kid and my shower," confessed Grey nervously. "I was thrown out of the club in fourth grade."



Nowadays to be really famous, you have to be a **Frank Sinatra**, says world-famous **Najel** (*Free Women*) *Naheem Singer* with a modest, cherubic smile. Since winning the literary award in 1976, Singer, 35, has had to fight off media demands for his time in order to keep up his daily writing schedule—but he recently finished work on the saga of an 18th-century Jewish leader. The book, *Archives of History*, is packaged in a limited edition with 38 etchings by New York artist *Mark Rothko*. Before an exclusively printed twelve-episode appearance, Singer hopes 250 inscribed copies will be sold for \$1,000 each. The author maintains that he has not been spoiled by the spotlight and is at work on a new book, *The Ring of the Field*, an autobiographical fantasy about man as food-gatherer. "My apartment is the same, my wife is the same, my clothes are the same or less the same," Singer told *Madison*'s last week. "The writer should do his work and not worry about recognition."



"I'm stupid. God doesn't make junk." **Joe Paul** told himself one day in 1972 as he surveyed his clumsy, balding, albinistic, myopic, asthmatic 35-year-old body. Only one student had signed up for his poetry course and his self-esteem was in the pits. But he dragged himself from the depths of despair and started a love course, a bag. "We all get to be touched more to be hugged," the mad hatter told packed houses in Winnipeg last fortnight. He prescribes



the same therapy as social scientist **Virginia Sells**, who says everyone needs four hugs a day for survival, eight for maintenance and 12 for growth. Paul says that a hug is "optimal as well as physical" and, after his first foray into Canada, he'll be back out in June to quit the staffing out of *Thunder Bay*.

44-suggested **Wendy** wore and plaid instead of violet, white," comedian **Dick Stone** says about actress model daughter **Wendy's** plan to sit and **John Travolta's** big brother, **Jay**, her romance of three years. The father of four thinks sobriety before the uptown in the best way to get to know your spouse. "If it doesn't work out, you're not bound to it. All you have to do is pay half of all you owe. **Lee Marvin** killed it for all of us." Stone had to take true off last week for the festivities from his own man show. *The Second Greatest Adventure on the World*, a 1975 Los Angeles Drama Critics Award-winner. The show needs up an insect comic who is inventing his act in a random dressing room and who discusses politics and southern plants while ruminating belittles for security. "Buzman are pure and absolutely perfect because they are the only food left that doesn't cause



recess," says Stone, whose next project is a sitcom pilot, *My and Mrs. Deeds*, about a reformed venge who trades in his lungs for domestic bliss.

Henry heard *Time* cover girl **Sheila Hume** has just completed her fourth feature film, *All Washed Up*, in Vancouver, and the 35-year-old starlet will be taking a breather for the next couple of months. Lane turned down a role in the turrel, steamy-term pic *Blue Lagoon* only to appear in *All Washed Up* as a street-wise singer with two of the notorious **Sex Pistols**, **Steve Jones** and **Paul**



Lane (left), Soda and the Imps (above) in a scene from the movie 'The Sex Pistols' and how many times can a man show his head?

and the Imps. A man head-shave was part of an intense practice drill, but Soda says he likes the new look. "He's got it more hygiene" and, "since we shaved our heads, a lot of girls come up to us and want to touch our heads. They relate it to their fathers or something."

The forbidding high pretensions of literary London's Bloomsbury circle, **Virginia Woolf**, will make a guest appearance at Stratford, Ontario, this summer when *Virginia* makes its world premiere. The play is the third written by another religious novelist, **Erica Wilson**, whose earlier works have been banned in Australia, Rhodesia and South Africa as well as in her native Ireland. *Wilson* says she and Woolf share regressive backgrounds—the escaped from a narrow-minded village and Woolf from the stifling world of the Victorian intelligentsia. Describing Woolf as "a kind of the upper spines," *Wilson* says she admires the thought would be perfect for the role—**Maggie Smith**.

Bringing back memories of false transcendence worn in the 1960s under bleeding madman struts, **The Dickies** are a new Los Angeles quartet which has made a big hit in Britain. *The Dickies'* 120 is a p.k. parodies of *Paul Simon's* *The Sounds of Silence* and the *Moody Blues'* *Wheels in Your Head* have become novelty hits—and the original authors are joining in the chuckle as they demand their royalties. The Dickies are willing, however, to put off getting a reaction from *Sammy Davis Jr.* the subject of their forthcoming *White Wine Did You Say* *Joe* *Joe* "We haven't heard from him



yet," muses singer **Leanne** and **Graves** *Paul*, nervously. "But I'm sure if he's heard the song he'll want to rubbed out."

Signed *Pressman* in a CBC radio studio? New Yorker cartoonist **Frank Modell** pondered the irony, as he sat in **Otto Preminger's** living room the other day trying to make small talk. Modell had mistakenly been sent by an absentee hostess to the film-producer's home instead of the 1975 New York studio. With characteristic German aplomb, Preminger invited Modell in, waited for him to state his business, and they chatted amiably about the weather—until the clouds of misunderstanding cleared. "I thought we were both poets on the show," explains Modell humorously, "talking in the great room writing to be called."

Ostentatious film buff who had to stink outside the barbers in *Quelque* or the 11:5 to see exact versions of *Pretty Baby* or *Lone* are engaged at the provincial movie house's decision to slash German film-maker *Volker Schlöndorff's* *The Tin Drum*. Best foreign film winner at the Academy Awards and co-winner with *Francis Coppola's* *Apocalypse Now* topped at Cannes. The *Tin Drum* is based on *Günter Grass's* 1959 novel. It is the story of *Oskar Matzerath*, who starts his own growth on his third birthday out of contempt for the shamed old world of fascist Germany. The minor band wants to skip scenes including one where *Oskar*, portrayed by 12-year-old **Daniel Brühl**, poses his face against a young woman's naked torso. "This isn't more of a little piece," says lawyer **Andreas Goldmann**, who represents the film's distributor. Director Schlöndorff is adamant: "I am totally outraged. *The Tin Drum* will stand as it is, to be shown complete or not at all."

Edited by **Nathan Fiercy**



Sports

'Joltin' Jays' may have learned to play



By Hal Quinn

The electronics-sweat-soaked skyland of Toronto, fans agreed, eventually more than lived up to the hype. The batting cage was situated out across the artificial turf, the lanes of the American League teams on the blue outfield fence reflected in the mercury vapor lights. April 30, 1989—beach!

Invasion. Jays in London, bawled with Toronto in Tel Aviv, Jimmy Carter headed for the campaign trail, Chrysler petitioned for Canadian dollars, and the baseball players' union and team owners waited for the May 22 strike deadline. But on this evening, as blue-black clouds loomed their way over the left-field fence, the leaders in the American League East were about to meet the Kansas City Royals in the season's last game of the first month of the season. The opponent synthesized:

"How are ya son, d'ya see ya s'gins," says the gentleman sitting alone in the Blue Jays dugout, though you know he couldn't possibly remember. The venue could be forgiven for thoughts of waking up in driveway at dusk, to a veranda, the man lies about to talk to sitting in a friendly chair, the

world passing unobtrusively by. Sitting back, watching the Royals warm up ("Who the heck is that one?" he asks "Zimie Quirk," comes the answer "Hm, guess he might be playin' for 'em"), Bobby Muttlock, 41, 94, is the oldest rookie manager in major-league history. It was said when the Jays elevated Muttlock from director of player development to manager ("I turned the job down twice before taking it") that Toronto had mislabeled a team of little talent and a manager with no experience. "Well, after 56 games, I'm not an apprehensive 'bout it as I was."

An accident breeds a betting cage in 1988 ended his playing career (205 major-league games) and he had spent most of his free time then in scouting. Aside from the brief time he managed a minor-league team in '88, Muttlock has been out to the ball park. When signed as manager this year, he did his best, forget out of wearing a uniform, but the front office insisted. He still won't go out to the mound to change pitchers, but needs an assistant. "People don't want to pay good money to watch an old man running around." He has adapted to preliminary signs, the underappreciated body language of the game, in front of a mirror before spring training, before giving up. And early this season, he gave the umpire the wrong lineup card. When the wrong player came to bat, he was called out. "It was just a damn silly mistake. Ended a rally too."

But the manager's claim of the rise from Sears City, Iowa, has transformed last year's worst team in baseball (109 losses), in April at least. At month's end, its record was 6-3, and the *Adrian's* Jays were perched in first place—ahead of the Yankees, Red Sox, Brewers and Orioles. Of course, the Jays had been

Muttlock (left) and Alfredo Griffin watch, B. J. Bird with sign, 'back on a month'

there before in their three-year history—for one day in 1987. There was a patchwork team everyone picked for last place with the highest winning percentage (.465) in its fielding life, its pitching staff enjoying the lowest earned-run average (3.66) of any previous month, boasting a string of 194 scoreless innings and a 969-on-base stretch without giving up a home run. They had played before their largest audience ever (55,553 in Cleveland), backed off the highly touted Milwaukee Brewers five straight and had pitcher Dave Stieb (three wins, no losses) walking around with the lowest ever *Big Jay* ERA for a month (1.09), still looking in his schedule in American League Player of the Week, an honor only once before bestowed on a Jay.

The Jays lost to the Royals that evening, but Muttlock was pleased, the pitching staff was "looking g'd." April turned to May, and Toronto's another loss, then another, but after three years of what Muttlock calls "barrenfield ball," he could still call it a dogout, or on a veranda, and smile about "one heck of a month."

'Nyet, nyet Soviets' Canada Cup is dry

It was a matter of timing. The announcement, payoffs and restrictions—dollar, dollar, dollar—soon from Sweden shortly after the Trudeau government had finally decided to support the Olympics, just before the Canadian Olympic Association (COA) would gather and decide to do the same. The Liquor Control Board of Ontario was pushing a boycott of Russian vodka; a factory owner in Bolton, Ont., was asking his employees to trade in their Soviet-built Lada cars, promising he would make up the difference; and the COA was saying it was on its way for Olympic athletes alone to carry the burden of punishing for Canada's reaction to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Yet there was pro-Soviet car, agent and lawyer Alan Ezelson, of the 1972 televised nationalistic hitman in Moscow, claiming that he had sent a pack with an nation, including the Soviet Union, to play hockey for the Canada Cup in Canadian cities in September.

The message was well received—by Hockey Canada (responsible for, among other things, the team that finished sixth at the Lake Placid Olympics), negotiating a \$1.5-million pay package for the International Ice Hockey Federation (IIHF) exporting \$1.2 million, and by

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those hockey fans around the world incapable of pronouncing Khalil. Olympic athletes attending the CBA season that ended their 1986 Olympic dream were amazed. It seemed that what was a sport not for amateurs was fine for professionals. The athletes, among them world-champion troubador Susan Nattrass and pole-vaulter Bruce Jenner, made it clear that they would let the National Hockey League players (whose pension fund would be bolstered by \$1.5 million from tournament receipts) know how they felt. Arriving back on this side of the ocean, Eagleson picked up on the swirling sentiments.

The athletes talked, as of course did the megastore of Maple Leaf Gardens, Harold Ballard. The Soviets weren't welcome in his Toronto arena, he said, though some Soviet gymnasts and the Moscow Circus have been booked. Ed Felder, owner of the Philadelphia Flyers, added his opposition, as did the chairman of the Vancouver Canucks, Frank Griffiths. "Whether we realize it or not, there's a war going on in Afghanistan, and we should not be subsidizing it," he said.

By the middle of last week NHL players, from whom a team would be selected to represent Canada in the Cup, had also spoken. Eagleson had said that a decision would be made May 20 at a meeting of the NHL Players' Association, but a poll of the 21 team representatives was all that was needed. Eagleson called a press conference and announced: "In view of the uselessness our amateur athletes have been found to accept, the players say they should be prepared to make a similar sacrifice."

The Canada Cup, dormant since 1976, would be postponed until 1990 but, like the Olympics themselves, as future as such as death.

Eagleson said that he had completed the Swedish conversion in hockey eligibility to cover all the legal ramifications. He had hoped the American would pull out, seeing the contract with the IHL, but they said they were coming. He had hoped that the Canadian government might veto it, again offering a graceful exit. But in Ottawa, Sport Minister Gerald Regan made it clear that "it is not a government decision in any sense...it is not a reflection of any government policy. I neither support it nor oppose it."

And so, within days of its resurrection, the Canada Cup was buried. The 1987 claims it had a contract with the Canadian Olympic Committee in default for Hockey Canada claims it is broke and will lose at least \$600,000 over the cancellation. Eagleson said "The only thing the Soviets understand is a singlehandedness between the eyes," he added. "The Soviets do, but it isn't their money." Time will tell. **R.G.**

King of country and neighborhood

In the days before he cleverly wrestled the Canadian middleweight boxing title from Ralph Hollett in Halifax last week, Chris Clarke gave the fight some box-office hope by advising his crowd-sown rival to get off the neighborhood stoop ("Hollett's been getting cocky and trying to take over my territory," he said), "trying to muscle in on my action like he was a member of the Mafia. He'll

West Africa. This was heady stuff to reinforce the fight's sense of being an important light centre perhaps, but also just enough to convey the understanding to get their wallets on hold. The expected 7,000 dedicated to a crowd of 3,174 and a gross gate of \$49,537.

Disappointed with his take-home pay, but elated with his own artistic excellence, Clarke fulfilled his pre-fight promise to "beat him in every department—in outbox, outfight and out-smart him" in winning his second title within a year. He won and lost the Commonwealth welterweight championship



he gave Tuesday because there's only room for one of us.

Clarke might have been gritty of some old-fashioned hit-chumping sort, he was performing on glib personage, but it was an easy assignment because Clarke balances his the best on the black in a half-conscious town which goes home (it is the boxing capital of Canada. Halifax loves a showdown of local talent and (in classic match-up of puncher (Hollett) versus boxer (Clarke) was expected to bring out a possible 7,000 partisans, but a curious thing happened on the way to Metro Centre. Promoter Jim Maloney inadvertently, or otherwise, diverted public attention from his own promotion by calling a news conference four days before the event to announce a major swap which had nothing to do with either Clarke or Hollett.

Interest in the neighborhood was between the two middleweights waned uneasily when Maloney, New York agent Jay Edson at his side, announced the signing of a world light-heavyweight title fight as part of an ABC-TV *Wide World of Sports* promotion in Halifax May 14. Maloney and New York's Bob Arum have collaborated on a 15-round bout between champion Matthew Saad Muhammad of Philadelphia and challenger Lennox Fergusson of Gloucester,

Clarke (left) blocks punch from Hollett in title bout. Only seven fans and all out

to Clyde Gray is a pair of Maritime record-setting money-makers in Halifax in 1979.

Ten pounds over the welterweight limit of 147, Clarke looked fit and formidable in the middleweight division against Hollett and appears to have the flexibility that will permit him to move from one weight division to the other without trouble. Canadian intermediate amateur featherweight champion in 1974, senior featherweight king in '75, junior welterweight titleholder and Olympic hopeful in '76, Commonwealth welterweight ruler in '79, and one of the best of the Canadian middleweights in 1980, Clarke is surveying the field for the best money matches in any division.

For the debonair champion Hollett, it was a short-lived reign, just 86 days beyond the Jan. 31 date when he (fled the crown from the veteran hook of fading Frankie Martinis Jr. in a major upset. With career experience limited to 12 fights, Hollett simply gave away too much to Clarke, loser of only one of 100 amateur and professional bouts. And for the new champion, who said he would use this only for the money, a surf-instant. **Pat Connolly**

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Come home to Maclean's

Hello, Mr. Chips

The scholarship student from Burnaby, B.C., was 23 and newly married when he and his wife stepped for the first time from the dingy depths of the Burtin train station and into the straitlaced heart of New England. Before him was a choice that would have been the easy of any Ivy League prepster with pushy parents back the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Harvard business



McArthur

school had accepted him as a student, and he could not make up his mind. Eager for a resolution, the couple went straight to MIT where they discovered a dreary hedge podge of a campus and an angry barracks for a house. Confused, they made their way back to nearby Harvard. From the bridge spanning the Charles River, John McArthur got his first view of the business school, with its red brick and stone corridors lit by a late summer sunset. He asked no more questions. The decision was made.

Today, almost 33 years later, McArthur is still at Harvard. Named as the seventh dean of the legendary school last October, the 48-year-old Canadian modestly suggests that he "never had enough imagination to leave." McArthur followed his MBA with a doctorate in 1963 and with teaching and administrative positions of increasing responsibility. "In this day, he still somehow resembles the earnest and affable youth who journeyed 3,000 miles across Canada to Harvard on the train eating home-made sandwiches and drinking milk from a Thermos. In fact, until now of the dean at the University of British Columbia, where he had studied formerly, suggested he apply, McArthur

had never heard of the Harvard business school "In Burnaby, British Columbia, it was not a big factor in anyone's life."

McArthur's unpretentious manner and obvious distaste for fuss and ceremony make it clear that he is not the kind of over-the-top dean regularly employed by U.S. private universities in the past decade to raise money for their depleted coffers. A former high-school and college athlete, McArthur today has become a somewhat portly and bow-legged figure who has stayed away from sports since he broke his leg playing soccer several years ago and broke a spine when he tripped over his crutches at home. Though observers expect him to delegate many of the dean's ambassadorial duties, McArthur—who has retained his Canadian citizenship—did make an appearance last week in Toronto at a one-day Harvard business school conference. Illustrious Canadian grads such as William Dumas, president of A.E. LePage Ltd., Richard Thomson, chairman of the Toronto-Dominion Bank, William Walker, president of Hiram Walker-Cosmopolitan House Ltd., and about 500 others paid \$125 each to become students again for a day, and raised \$25,000 for a scholarship fund. Said Dumas, who did his doctoral thesis under McArthur, "I'm a little biased, but I still say that Harvard has the best business school in the world."

McArthur, Harvard business school dreary hedge-podge with army barracks for home.



McArthur

Bad Dumas made that remark more a few years ago, he would have found few challenges. The school may still be the most influential on the continent, attracting 3,000 applications for 700 positions and boasting the highest starting salaries for its MBA graduates (about \$38,000 a year). But academically, Har-

vard is now often seen to have slipped behind California's Stanford University Graduate School of Business, a school that faculty might have been able to ignore and it not been reinforced a year ago in the annual report of Derek Bok, president of Harvard University. Bok's subtle veiled criticism: that the school's celebrated "case method" of teaching may have discouraged faculty from pursuing pure academic research, and that its curriculum is deficient in such fields as business-government relations, ethics and business resources. Although McArthur is a staunch supporter of the case method, which he says makes Harvard unique, he is also committed to fostering gradual changes of the type proposed by Bok. For this, he will need his reputed skills as a diplomat and a kick man. McArthur was one of three trustees who helped resurrect the bankrupt Penn Central Transportation Co., and has made a specialty of bankruptages. "I like working on organizations that are in transition," he says.

What McArthur's impact will be on Harvard in transition remains to be seen. Despite his 12-hour working days,

he does not intend to let the school run his life. He turned down the chance to live in the elegant Georgian mansion provided for the dean, choosing instead to stay put in an old New England farmhouse outside Boston which he shares with his wife and two teen-age daughters. "I like to go home at a night," he says. "You can't do that if you walk 300 miles from your office to a house in the middle of the factory." Nor does he wish to hold on to his lofty title for too long. "That is not good for the person or the institution. If you hang on for too long, you lose the capacity to regenerate yourself, and you run out of ideas. Everybody's got a few good ideas, but not a whole hell of a lot." —Gillian MacKay



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Dead are man's best friends

By Donna Barnett

"I put animals to sleep daily," Mariana Casanova is saying. "From two to 31 of them. There are certain days I can't eat. There are days I say, 'No more, I can't do this anymore today.'" Casanova, 35, is supervisor of the Ontario Humane Society's Pet Services in Mississauga, Ontario. Inside her as she talks is a 16-week-old, potbellied, black-and-white beagle-terrier mix, adopted recently by a couple because the wife was home alone during the day. A week later it was returned, simply because the woman got a job. There is nothing wrong with the dog, says Casanova, but neither is there anything wrong with most of the million pets that will be destroyed this year in Canada. They're killed, she says, for what are usually cruelly inadequate reasons: the dog isn't housebroken, it doesn't fetch, it's too much trouble to walk, or the cat leaves hair on the sofa. Small reason to die.



Casanova leading dog to death by injection; pet owners lose humane societies (as well as executives of a million animals a year)



Although North American society spends millions of dollars on pet food, pet restaurants, pet hotels, pet psychologists, pet makeup, jewelry and cosmetics, the reality for people such as Casanova is that the average Canadian dog lives 8.5 years, the average cat only 11.8. Canada's humane movement is failing, admits Tom Hughes, executive vice-president of the Ontario Humane Society. The killing concludes a little each year. "We're becoming emotionally bankrupt," Hughes says, the movement is fighting back. With three years of preliminary research behind it, the most hopeful project begins its critical stage this summer—development of a lethal control injection for female dogs and cats. And another major project, having some success already in Western Canada, begins next month in Ontario. It's the ultimate pet tag—a tattoo that allows animal shelters to trace and reunite owners with stray pets.

In the meantime, says Hughes, the pet slaughter will continue to cruise "a very high turnover in shelter personnel because of the emotional strain." It also costs a lot of money—at least \$1 million is spent in Ontario alone to kill, bury or incinerate unwanted animals. Most dogs are put to death by an injected overdose of drugs or by electrocution. Most cats die in a carbon dioxide chamber, where usually they lose consciousness rapidly, or by an injected drug

overdose. Although it is pet owners who force humane societies to act as executioners, it is this reluctant function of shelters that robs them of donations and keeps criticism upon them. Says Hughes, "Most people who want to get rid of an animal say, 'Will you please feed this dog a new bone?' They avoid saying, they won't say, 'Put it down.'" He tells them that the pet's probability will be destroyed—for only one in four cats and only half the dogs, on average, leave a shelter alive. "Owners react differently. From tears to anger. They run the whole gamut."

In Calgary, veterinarians have tattooed about 3,000 dogs and cats on the inside of their ear at Black, a system long used by the Canadian Kennel Club. In British Columbia, during the past four years, Operation Tattoo has left its mark on 7,000 dogs. Calgary vets tattoo drugged animals with an electric pencil or a stamp with removable letters and numbers composed of tiny needles. Ink fills the small hole in the animal's skin, with a code revealing the clinic, year of tattoo and the animal's own number. "We can literally get animals back to their owner within hours," says Mary Driscoll, president of the Calgary Humane Society. Tattoos in tandem with a policy of sterilizing all pets adopted



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two humane society shelters in June, since the society has programmed its computer and set rules on use of antibiotics during testing. He hopes that within five years staff at all shelters, municipal pounds and veterinarians clinics will tattoo every animal that leaves. He also plans to try to develop a coded, permanent record carrying for cats.

To number the pets is good, says Hughes. But to reduce their number is probably better—a first step to pet ownership as a privilege. Surgical sterilization is apparently too much trouble or money (prices vary from \$30 to more than \$100, depending on the city, the vet and the sex of the animal) for most owners, he says. The dog population alone is between 2.5 and four million (despite the yearly slaughter) and growing at about four per cent a year. Vets would be swamped for years if even half the rampant pet owners had an unexpected change of heart about sterilization.

In Canada, the U.S., England, Scotland and France, researchers in universities and drug companies are seeking modern contraception for pets—do-it-yourself chemical birth control. "There is every reason to believe it can be done," says Dr. Clifford Barker, a vet and professor at the Ontario Veterinary College at the University of Guelph. He is working on a once-a-year birth control injection for female dogs and cats. Within two years he hopes to find a safe injectable substance to carry the active ingredient, a well-known gonadotropin-releasing hormone present in all mammals. A messenger from the brain, the hormone signals the pituitary to release other hormones which, in turn, stimulate production of eggs. Scientists have produced a slightly altered synthetic version in the lab. Injected into an animal, this messenger hormone acts as an immunization. Its changed structure triggers the body to block the hormone as alien, but also to block its own natural hormone as well—producing infertility. Barker is also considering development of a male-pet contraceptive.

It could be five or even 10 years before the injection comes on the market. Barker says that owners will be able to neuter their own animals—a simple procedure—or that vets may, by then, give a combination rub-in birth control shot. Barker's research (partially funded by the Ontario Humane Society and the Animal Welfare Foundation of Canada) could cost up to \$300,000 and, despite the promise it shows, Tom Hughes is worried the money will have to come from a society that's "quite hesitant and cynical. It pays lip service to our concern for old people, children and animals. But when it comes down to dollars and cents, it isn't there." ☐

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While there is virtually nothing to celebrate in this troubled film, save perhaps Gordon Fenton's *Gems*-winning



East (above) Fenton: Jack won the race



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performance as Southwestern Bill Gates (another legendary figure), its overwhelming darkness provides a certain fascination. Consider, for instance, the prolonged absence of Rod Taylor, the "big U.S. star" of this "big Canadian movie," and the fact that, without explanation given, he is in the grasp of a priest in his brief seguing-in-and-out scenes. Was it because he got to like the costume in *The Amityville Horror* and now plans to wear it in every film? Ah, but such trivial questions are quickly put aside when this "adventure-packed thriller" story of man's struggle for gold and power really gets going. Will we ever forget the daring run through the rapids, singular in its lack of danger, with Angie Dickinson (as the semi-legendary Belinda McNeil) shouting "Get Out!" and "Hold on, girl!" and poor Robin Gammell falling overboard and Jeff East having a pop-eyed, slouch-jawed anxiety attack when it's all over?



Dickinson: a frightened "Hold on, girl!"

Or how about the dulcet dogged race in the history of film? (It might have been pretty good, actually, but director Carter, incidentally, for some reason known only to himself, to show only small snippets.)

Blondie Fever, busy as an adventure, could almost make it as unintentional comic, but it doesn't; it simply lacks the energy. What's more, the characters are poorly drawn, the relationships inconsistent and the dialogue predictable. Even when poor Gordon Pinsent utters his problems on the dogged race — "Jack's going to win, Belinda! I know he will!" — there are no surprises. He does.

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sides of any major cities. Concomitant, hobby farmers, foreign investors and speculators drive up land prices, leaving older farmers to wish in and frustration off younger farmers who can't financially compete for the land. And with the new rural residents often come hazards below pressure, such as restrictions on using animals, specific hours for manure spreading and no studded tires (hence no tractors) on area roads. The Canadian Federation of Agriculture has even called for a bill of rights for farmers, saying that urban harassment has "come to the point of alarm."

Land prices rose an average of 417 per cent between 1960 and 1970, ranging from an increase of more than 2,000 per cent around Toronto to actually falling in parts of Newfoundland. Some areas of Manitoba have seen land double in price over the past five years and in Alberta it is now possible to pay more than \$1,000 for a single acre of farmland. In Huron County in Southwestern Ontario, where farmland is now selling for \$5,800 an acre, farmer Gordon Hall says, "There's no crop that can be grown here that will pay for \$2,000-an-acre land."



Shore, land-grabbing out of control

Just two provinces have moved effectively to protect their farmland by law. In 1973 British Columbia set aside 11.7 million acres as farm preserve. And Quebec's 263 95 was passed in December, 1976, establishing a 45-million-acre protected area along the main river valleys. So effective was this in shaking off speculators that one village, Saint-Hubert, discovered last year that annual property taxes amounted to \$400,000. Speculators had abandoned the land as a doomed investment.

The actions of the other provinces have not been as sensible, however, and the consequences are only now becoming known. "Our forefathers settled the best sites for good farmland," former John Shanks points out. "New ones aren't going to show up."

I'm buying more land and growing up on the homestead.

Seems to me I'm on the safe side.
—Alec in Frederick Philip Grove's *Fruits of the Earth*, 1935

Two miles south of Rapid City, Mani-

toba, Jim Larch and Cindy Marring chuck through their dinner. One sheet of paper projects their farm budget, but the situation reveals far less than the scribbled notations in the margin. HE'S HEAD DOWN, GET HIM TO WORK. EAT LUNCH.

Two years ago, depressed over paying \$9,000 a year to rent land, they decided to move toward Grove's "safe side" by making \$111,000 into their own 480 acres. Last year their farm grossed \$300,000—leaving them \$11,000 in the hole after mortgage payments. They are young, both 34, but hardly foolish: both

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hold town jobs to help meet expenses. Lavach immediately add the barbeque he won in a contest last fall and they're currently selling off their half-ton freonator. They daily look at the obvious solution in turning their fortunes around—clearing off some of their land for extra planting. Trouble is, the cost of clearing land and planting are frightening. Lavach and Murray are caught in the young farmer's Catch-22: they can't afford to spend more to make more.

"We run as farmers that will be our make-or-break year," says Murray. "If it weren't for the fact that we can borrow equipment from our fathers we'd be out now." Adds her husband, Lavach: "If we get forced out in the next year it will be expensive to begin again. If we owned the land it would be fine. It's the interest rates that kill you."

Leonard Patric, a young farmer from Medicine, Alberta, bought a quarter-section (160 acres) of land in 1975 for \$11,000. For a cash crop, that's not enough land, and he desperately needs to expand, would like, in fact, to pick up the half-section his neighbor has parted for sale. The asking price, however, is \$99,000, and since he doesn't live in either Quebec or Manitoba—the two provinces currently helping farmers by offering reduced interest rates—the carrying charges, at 15 per cent, would amount to \$49,500 a year (a 13 per cent loan from the Federal Farm Credit Corporation would help, but the loan isn't available only \$600,000). "If you don't have cash," says Patric, "you wouldn't dare touch it."

The Lands Directorate of Environment Canada says land prices have risen more than four times the equivalent rise in the Consumer Price Index. But expansion becomes a necessary, if cruel, spiral for most farmers. With operating costs already high, expected to climb another 15 per cent this year, spreading the cost per acre becomes as necessary as rain. Even more important, however, is that land for at least equity in the land, so most young farmers today doubt they'll ever be free of mortgages because the farmer's previous plan Ed Coryia, who owns a successful 10-million dollar farm near Chilworth, B.C., says "If I stopped



Farmer protesting on Parliament Hill: "We're faced with a new kind of financial aid."

expanding I'd have nothing left for retirement."

Coryia, who at 39 has beaten the system, continues to pursue new land, and the natural consequence is that land prices rise. That this average size of Canadian farmers in over 50 clearly indicates the difficulty young farmers have in competing for the better farmland. "It's being squeezed out," Gordon Hill says of the young farmer. "He can't afford to plant a crop this year. We can't afford to lose him. Someday we'll need him."

Our land is more valuable than your money. It will last forever.

—Crestfoot, Chief of the Blackfoot, 1972

Perry Cowan vividly remembers the day the two West Germans came to his dairy farm in New Norway, Alta. While the local real estate agent tried to make her appreciate the quick profits to be made by selling, the two foreigners took a shovel out into the fields and began examining the soil as if they were in the produce section of a supermarket. Cowan and her husband, David, refused even to discuss a price, but their action has not been the Canadian standard. Even Crestfoot himself eventually caved in by letting the GFE onto Blackfoot land for the astronomical price of a railway pass.

All over the country there are disturbing examples. A realtor in Kitchener, Ont., says she has a West German client with upwards of \$100 million to invest. The *Winnipeg Free Press* claims that foreigners now own five per cent of Manitoba farmland. In Ontario the provincial agriculture minister releases a study showing foreign ownership to be "unacceptable," and then an enterprising reporter on the Kingston *Wisp-Standard* discovers the

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25 Hospitable Years

provincial figures are not an embarrassing 110 per cent in Prince Edward County alone. Just down Highway 2 from Kingston, Peter MacKinnon leases 410 acres from Canada Cement Ltd., which is 56 per cent owned by a firm in Paris.

The federal government tried in the past to give the Foreign Investment Review Agency a say in any foreign sale of farms worth more than \$250,000, but the provinces refused to co-operate. "We have very little authority," laments Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan. Provincial attempts to control foreign land-grabbing have been flimsy at best. Prince Edward Island's much bewailed 1992 law which requires cabinet approval for any out-of-province buyer (PEI's definition of "foreigner") of more than 50 acres has not been successful. Not only has the cabinet approved more than 40 per cent of such purchases but there is great suspicion that many other purchases are "freed" by Islanders and thus never examined. In British Columbia, the 1974 Land Registry Act requires that per-

sonages appeals Dean Jake Brown of the University of Saskatchewan's agriculture college and also chairman of the Saskatchewan Farm Ownership Board believe they are chiefly concerned with inflation because there have been two hyper-inflationary periods in Germany since the turn of the century. This is a good hedge against inflation." Says Frank Marshall, executive director of Manitoba's Agricultural Lands Protection Board. "You have to remember that the threat of war is always felt more keenly by people in Europe."

The Japanese and West German and South African agencies to pay top dollar for land in a delight to older farmers looking to get out but in many cases, offering to younger farmers unable to buy the same land. The farm organizations worry about crisis another matter—the danger of Canadian farmers becoming tenants on their own land. "The question is," says Dave Kirk of the Ottawa-based Canadian Federation of Agriculture, "what is going to happen in the next 20 years?" The more radical National Farmers Union isn't prepared



Former new Maricopa, Sask., is 1075 (above) new transform into into industrial park, the incubator, shaking farm

to wait; it wants a royal commission called immediately to investigate the matter. "There's not much sense in shutting the door when the horse is gone," says President Jim Mayne.

There is growing talk of new laws. After months of being around by Opposition member Jack Hoffert of having "sold the shop," Ontario has recently announced its intention to "maintain all of farms" as an up-to-date inventory of land ownership. It is also expected that Manitoba will move soon to

change its foreign-ownership laws.

Saskatchewan's new agriculture minister, Gordon MacNair, is beginning to express some dissatisfaction with his province's regulations, and will be asked. The small town of Custer, for example, has lost some 7,000 acres to overseas foreign interests over the past five years, the last sale coming just before Christmas when a group from West Germany bought up 960 acres with an apparent intention to farm the land themselves. "We're faced with a new kind of feudalism," says Jane Skolton, a 38-year-old farm laborer from Sudbury, Man., who fears she will never be able to afford her own land. "Only farmers should be able to own farmland. Not foreign corporations or individuals who are only buying for a fast profit."

"The difference with the family farm," Ottawa farmer Gordon Hill adds wistfully, "is that they tend to treat the farm as a member of the family."

One of those who suffered the ranching lay idle to come to Ottawa last month was Tom Russell, a 38-year-old hog farmer from Dackwood in Southwestern Ontario. With the \$254,000 debt

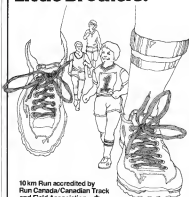


that has tightened about his throat all winter has come the realization that he simply cannot afford to plant his crop this spring; he need not even grow the straw that will surely break his back. All eye-bright morning he stands below the Pease Tower, his big data clenching and unclenching as if he needed to grab someone, anyone, and simply shake until they listened. In the five years that he has owned his farm Russell figures he has built up \$75,000 in assets. The interest rates and the collapse of the hog market will mean, he says, that "I'll lose every last nickel."

But he also says he won't give up quietly, as so many others are. "The day someone takes me off," he says softly, evenly, "they'll have to drag me out and down the road. I'm tired of being pushed around."

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Health A doctor in the dock for being unorthodox

In a startling twist of the Winnipeg Convention Centre's branding Dr. Owen Schwartz was holding forth on the remarkable healing powers of laughter. Violent hiccups, he said, from a nerveless state of tension between mind and body. Laughter can play a vital role in restoring that balance. In the end, the audience gathered to hear him lecture on the holistic approach to health, Rosemary Point, a 35-year-old teacher and one of Schwartz's patients, was, herself, teary. She had come expecting a room filled with curious kifs, but found none. "They're forgetting him," she said later. "It's a fear of guilt by association." On the surface Schwartz himself has little to smile

about. In late March he was suspended for three months by the Manitoba College of Physicians and Surgeons; ordered to take three medical refresher courses; told his files and office would have to be accessible for regular inspection; and ordered to pay the college's legal fees of \$14,500 in addition to his own costs of about \$6,000.

The unorthodox doctor's "lectures" given him after a three-day inquiry into complaints from eight of 1,000 patients has turned his case into something of a cause célèbre among those disenchanted with conventional pill-pushing medicine. They see him as a medical maverick rather than a maverick called to task for a "crisis" whose has-someone comes from freely being an unorthodox Schwartz, 33, a former leader of family practice at McMaster University in Hamilton, set up a clinic called Focus on Health two years ago. His emphasis is on holistic medicine: preventing disease by altering diet, exercise and general lifestyle rather than relying on pharmaceutical crutches. If testimonials are any indication, his growing number of patients regard him as a truly dear and glorious physician.

Schwartz (left) and Winnipeg supporter, discobanker, with pill-pushing medicine.



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More than 250 people signed affidavits supporting him and his methods when the College of Physicians held its private inquiry.

Dr. James Schwartz, registrar of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, says the disciplinary action against Schwartz has nothing to do with holistic medicine, which is growing in popularity in other North American centres. The complaints, Monroe says, were based on his lack of routine, conventional testing and diagnosis, his failure to consult with other doctors treating the patients, and his failure to keep full medical records. Schwartz's approach to new patients was to have them fill out an eight-page questionnaire, seeking information on lifestyle, stress, eating, smoking and drinking habits, and personal medical history. This would be followed by a one-hour consultation costing \$16, of which medicine paid only \$6. Some patients would be given a prescription for thyroid extract as well as advice on exercise, food supplements and mineral additions to diet. He also relied heavily on reflexology in making his diagnoses, as well as on conventional lab tests.

Whatever his shortcomings may be, Schwartz says he won't change his beliefs or principles but is willing to compromise. He believes in what he's doing and, he apparently, too many of his patients, who now find themselves unable to renew their prescriptions. Late last month, Schwartz filed an appeal in the Municipal Court of Queen's Bench against the suspension as well as the costs awarded against him by the college.

In the meantime, the Consumers Health Organization of Manitoba (COHM), a 300-member lobbying group for alternative medicine, is arranging a cross-Canada lecture tour for him and has so far raised about \$7,000 to help pay off legal expenses. Donations have come from as far afield as California, as has moral support. Thelma Specialist Dr. Broda Barnes came from California to testify on Schwartz's behalf at the trial. Says Peter Alchamson, a non-president of COHM: "No harm has come to any one of Dr. Schwartz's patients and not one of those who complained followed any of his advice. No one has claimed his diagnosis were incorrect. He's being punished for trying a new approach."

For his part Schwartz believes the college is seriously underestimating public concern over conventional drug-dependent medical practice. "The rift will keep on growing until conventional doctors supply some to be the major providers of health care," he says. "The public can't stop and breath can't just a question of correcting disease when it occurs."

Peter Cady-Coleman

Press

The 'Globe' heads west - by satellite



Smith with Toronto's *Globe*-owned satellite (above), Telcel model novel solutions.

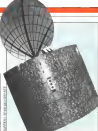
On the wall of Cameron Smith's office at the Toronto *Globe* and *Mind* is a framed photograph of an ancient steam locomotive. The paper once owned Smith, the *Globe's* executive editor, keeps it there to remind himself that the problem he's on the verge of solving has deep historical roots. The problem boils down to this: since 1963, the paper has been calling itself "Canada's national newspaper," but has always found it difficult to get copies distributed across the country on the day of publication. That's why, in 1983, it took the unprecedented step of actually buying a train to get them to outlying areas of southern Ontario. And this why, starting in late October, the paper will be transported partly by means of a satellite—an idea that's just as novel today as the railway was a century ago, though not quite as unprecedented.

Elsewhere in the world, just as in Canada, publishers of "national" newspapers have long put up with the headaches (and expense) of building highways, air terminals and even in their efforts to disseminate the product by long distance. The first with a solution were the Japanese, who began bouncing their newspapers off satellites to auxiliary printing plants in the provinces. The Americans (whose technology it is) soon followed. *The Wall Street Journal* and the *Los Angeles Times* have

used the method for years. Now, same-time this summer, *The New York Times* will begin using a satellite to print in Chicago and New York simultaneously.

In Canada, the fact that the distances are greater and the numbers smaller but still now, make such schemes impractical. But by this fall the bugs should be worked out, and the *Globe* will send electronic signals from a satellite into orbit station to one of Telcel Canada's Amik satellites orbiting the earth. The signals will then be relayed to a printing plant in Calgary (and, perhaps, also to Montreal) for simultaneous printing. There's also a possibility that other Canadian publishers, including *Northern Hunter*, will "jump back" on the *Globe's* system.

In Japan or the U.S., this may be simply a question of efficiency. But with the *Globe* there's more at stake. In April, 1979, Smith prepared a memo for *Globe* Publisher Roy McManis, the driving force behind the satellite scheme, in which he saw the move as the only way to balance the *Globe's* editorial position in the increasingly competitive Toronto newspaper world. "Even more than one," he wrote, "we will not be able to make it as a local paper. So we should concentrate on being what we



have tried to be throughout our history—only more so."

Already the paper sells about 30,000 copies in Western Canada, and at least 20,000 in the Ontario Valley and cities to the east. "With this new system, we're not going to make any net saving in distribution," says Smith. The plan means spending \$1.5 million on hardware and about \$600,000 a year in transmission costs, for a total of \$2 million plus—or what they now shell out for air freight and cartage. "What it does do immediately is to guarantee local delivery on time. And from there we can go about building circulation in those areas."

But that's not to say that the new electronic *Globe* will pose a major threat to publishers in the West. "What our research shows is that outside Toronto, 95 per cent of our readers also buy a local paper," says Smith. "We're people's second paper, the one they get for national affairs and business news." The statement is echoed by *The Calgary Herald*, the dominant medium in the booming local market. "We're big and very well established," says *Herald's* General Manager H.O. Thompson. "We don't anticipate a threat. In fact, we're one of the companies discussing doing the printing for them."

If there is a laser it would be Calgary's weak morning paper, the *Alberta*. Both *The Albertas* and the *Globe* were members of the 77 Publishers' group recently acquired by the Thomson group of Toronto. For a brief time after the purchase, the *Globe* satellite scheme seemed to hang in the balance. But the fact that the Thomson people have decided to proceed satirizes in clarity observers that all three publications can—and will—continue profitably. Says one Toronto analyst of media companies: "Ken Thomson just doesn't make mistakes in this kind of thing. You can't argue with that." Doug Porterfield

The gospel according to Dylan

A black woman, Mavis Che Young, in a tight jeans and a gold towel blouse, appeared on stage at Mavis Hall's headlights framed for the first of four "born-again" Bob Dylan concerts in Toronto. As she impersonated an old black member beaten down by bad times, bad luck and trouble, her voice rose in ascending wails of sanctified testimony until, like a Deep South Striplander, she broke into some of that old-time lamentation. By the time Young was bellowing Jesus on an approaching cloud, her throaty, guttural singers in Dylan's new "gospel church" were testifying with her loud and long.



A shouting opening, but as the prelude stretched into half an hour, it became a slick collage of Southern Baptist hymns and soul songs served slick as butter than at any of Mavis's talent agents looking for a new Patto LaBelle or Deena Bennett. It was streetball-church style gassed up for the TV generation, but it served warning that Bob Dylan has a new role. No longer the fly spokesman for that generation in dissent, nor the recent lucid daddy blessing his kids on his knee, the 36-year-old Dylan now performs as a preacher of the Lord, his Toronto stopper part of a ten-concert inaugural circuit ride as an evangelistic rocker. His repertoire has narrowed to the Christian songbook he began only last year with the release of *Slow Train Coming*. The best-selling album of his long career, it is already considered by many to mark his revitalization as a musician as well as his conversion to fundamentalist Christianity.



Dylan in concert (top); his first album and last year's *Slow Train Coming* (from protest to preacher)

Belling Shore publisher Jane S. Warner, for example, made a new writing appearance in his magazine to rave over *Slow Train*, pointing to the new song's bluntness and sincerity, qualities not heard in Dylan's music for over a decade. Songs like *When You Gonna Holy* fly do evoking the style of *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, only now Dylan makes it clear that what is blowing in the wind is not an unbridled vagary but Armageddon itself, in the form of dirt, sinners, greed and the failure of America's national will. Dylan's new music also recounts the anger of his days as a protest singer, though now his passion is shared by restless Americans and their president, who calls his new co-religionist his favorite songwriter. Sharp criticism, however, has been leveled at the born-again Dylan as well. Jewish rabbis have publicly censured his apostasy. Rock critic Geri Weems accused Dylan of using Christianity to bolster a failing career and to jettison his tormented rockiness after a divorce in which he was accused of wife-beating. Those criticisms, like the reports that Dylan's first born-again concerts were met with boos and walkouts, only seem to confirm that his conversion to Christianity, like his switch from folk music to rock in the mid-'60s, will have

far-reaching effects on pop music.

Some media prophets even see in Dylan's newfound faith a harbinger of imminent religious revival on the scale Timothee's religious era called the Third Great Awakening. Probably more important than the content of Dylan's born-again religion is that as a poet he fashions the essence of an audience involved over time and Afghanistan into righteous finger-pointing style almost synonymous with Dylan as a stage performer. When Toronto fans at Mavis Hall shouted for older songs, Dylan shouted back, "No one wants you to sing what you believe. But I do. I don't care if I've no more friends to lose." This sort of warrior's better wit, so characteristic of *Slow Train Coming*, is only one indication that Dylan's Christianity is largely an extension of his long-term self-image as a holy outlaw. In songs like *Do Right to Me Baby* (Do This) where he evokes the bestialities in the same terms he embraced the ends of the west on *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, *Knock on the Woods and Desire*. Like a latter-day John the Baptist with a cigar on his hip, he preaches belligerent integrity. *Slow Train* makes Dylan a smiling colporteur of church-supper fellowship, his idea of Christian charity is never having to say I trust you.

Dylan's new Christian songs may just be his way of doing his duty by the church, a requirement for converted rockers ever since Little Richard bravely defied his flight wig to take the pulpit back in the '50s. But the true tale of his conversion is probably the story of Dylan chasing just one more American folk idiom, down-home Protestant evangelism, for his shrewd persona. This is as naive of Dylan's sincerity, though, for his self-image has always been national poet, outlaw, prophet and moral conscience. Christ has always had a place in Dylan's dreams. If anything, his quest spot at the main microphone is just a bit overdue. **Burt Teets**

One against all, all against one

"I am an arrogant and important du leader, but in the case of a few composers, a very few when I hear a work I do not like, I am convinced that it is my own fault. Verily in one of these composers." —Benjamin Britten

The Canadian Opera Company's ticket-holder at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre, at the Canadian stage premiere of Benjamin's *Peter Grimes*, would do well to ponder the humility of the greatest English composer since Henry Purcell. Perhaps missing the 15th-century big beat of a *Transire*, they contrasted themselves with clapping politely for new set changes before clapping up the sides and out the doors after the lights were dimmed. "It's beautiful music," one disaffected viewer was heard to mutter, "but I hate the lyrics." It's so much easier to appreciate the "music" when the lyrics are in Italian rather than composed in one's native tongue.

Premiered in 1945, *Peter Grimes* is considered Britten's masterpiece, and the COC's production fulfilled that ex-



Well musical drama of twisting beauty

pectation. The sets re-created an East Anglian fishing hamlet in the early 19th century: the docks, the pub, the fishing shanties, all under smoky-pearl skies or seething fogs. And perhaps nowhere is open is the sense of a community, segregated yet quarantined, as

richly animated. The schoolmarm, the mayor, the retired skipper, the Mrs. Grundy (one of those souls for whom "the least little thing is an occasion for scandal and indignation," in Samuel Beckett's words)—all are united, willfully, against Grimes, a hermit fisherman suspected of murdering his young apprentice.

Any town attempting Grimes labors under the shadow of two giants: Peter Peters, the role's creator, and Joe Vickers. Thomas William Nelli did remarkably well, supported by Baldrado (Thomas Stewart), Ellen DeFord (Heather Thomson) and a dense company of choristers. When the torch-bearing townspeople bawl in unison for "Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!", it's the most stirring tutti in all opera. But Britten's more reflective moments, such as the famous, evocative *Solo* for the choir, prepare for the chilling poetry of Grimes's last monologue—"Ready, driven you are. Nearly home"—below, driven mad, he sells his soul to old-van. In pavement shaked, the village (not unlike a Newfoundland outpost or a B.C. mummy town) returns to its immemorial ways and softly, annually, concludes a violent drama of fear, lustre and swirling beauty. As Beckett, again, writes, "There's never an end for the men." **Bill MacFie**

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A pageant of sexual obsession

THE NEIGHBOR'S WIFE
by Hugh Hefner
(Doubleday, \$16.95)

Gay Talese has already shown a taste for titillating titles (*The Kingdom and the Power*, *How to Succeed in Love*), and there's a flavor of the Old Testament in the plot and domain of his latest. For this is the sexual reverend viewed as perfectionist historical drama, a chronicle of the cultural passions that have stirred human affairs and an examination of some of the three—including the author's own—ages which those disturbing changes have been registered. Then Talese would have an end. But is Hugh Hefner "truly our Moses?" In conventional sex the new religion and Southern California the New Jerusalem? There's no shortage of evidence to weigh.

The Neighbor's Wife, nine years in the making, is personal journalism by the force of will, not of style. It's clearly in the mode of the nonfiction novel and, though it doesn't rank with the best of Mailer or Capote, Tom Wolfe or John McPhee, it maintains a consistently high current of narrative energy. The story Talese presents is fascinating even if the frequently soft and flabby prose undercuts its vigor. Most reporters with a reputation like his write better. There's simply too much clumsy wordiness. His language is stuck somewhere between the deep language of fiction and the hard-core of fact. Mostly it just lulls on the reader, gasping limply and begging for help.

Talese has chosen to assemble for investigation a half-dozen of the significant figures of an epoch where "normal American family life and traditions were enduring on the surface, but in private were being pondered and reorganized." His novelistic method ensures each of these characters, and a number of minor ones, at a moment in the '50s '60s, keeps back to catch relevant bits of biographical color, then ties each to

the others in his large net. Everything apparently starts in Chicago, which the author whimsically calls "America's Babylon." The action in this pageant of sexual obsessions are middle-class and middlebrow chiefly, "quiet Americans" were also clean not from oppression or suitable families. They include the purveyors and purrs of sexual satisfaction, the sex-view essayists, the spokesmen and simple searchers for a fuller sexual life—or merely for experiment and change. They range from the presentist (Hefner, Richard Nixon) to the

how to stop Talese obviously didn't either, but his research pays off here with interest.

The quality of his thoughts is less solid. Theoretical discussion is usually either incomplete or reductive. Another psychiatrist, Wilhelm Reich's influence upon contemporary sexual attitudes and therapies, for instance, deserves more rigorous attention than it gets. And the psychological analyses are often contrived. Richard Nixon may not emanate sympathy, but to pronounce him a man not "aware within himself" and leave it at that

is perfunctory to say the least. Talese's assumptions often seem patently traditional when set against his sedition. He has entertained few possibilities for sexual existence beyond the conventionally assumed. The book is primarily male-oriented despite some lip service to feminism. The male orgasm, Talese tells us, is "rooted in man's soul, and without its potency he cannot truly live." It follows that "heterosexual (true love) is a better than coexistent. Coupling, even with constraints (like marriage and children), leads to satisfaction. Masturbation is a good deal better than nothing. It took nine years to come up with this!"

Talese is a dogged and honest reporter, even if his biases and limitations prevent a reader's full sympathy with his current conclusions. If he believes that acquaintance with the phenomena of a lifetime is valuable in and for itself, then *The Neighbor's Wife* can provide at least that starting point for understanding and change. The book never fails to be thought-provoking. It might just do for sexual enlightenment what television is accomplishing for the proceedings on Parliament Hill. It won't provide the truth, and what it does provide is less fact and more banal than we ever imagined, but at least for the moment, through the lens of a medium, we're there. **Doaghe Hill**

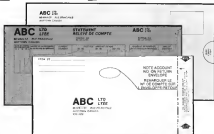


Talese in Hugh Hefner truly our Moses?

influential John Williamson of the California sex-up. Benjamin, Alex Comfort of *The Joy of Sex* to the obscure (Jesse Waskin, Playboy contributor, 1965, and Harold Rubin, the horny man in the back row with the mascot over his lap).

Talese orchestrates this masterfully, and in control of plot and structure can compensate for deficiencies elsewhere. He manages also to collect an astonishing quantity of detail and folk known via notes. A reader will learn almost as much about the history of life insurance as about the relative value, for private erotic stimulation, of magazines like *Vogue*, *Life* and *The New York Times* supplements. It's like a rainy afternoon with the *Guinness Book of World Records* you don't know where to

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By Alan Fotheringham

This is an intriguing country filled with reading people. Canadians grow passionate not over things Canadian but matters concerning others across the ocean. Outrage, spite and bile are reserved for those topics that do not really apply to us. I refer, as an outsider, to my wailing. I do not get humiliated, reviled and dumped upon because of views on the strange principality of Alberta, women, liberals or dogs. What inflames the postal service are a few comments on British royalty and its relevance, or lack thereof, to this otherwise healthy, young, independent country.

A man from North Bay, Ontario, writes: "You dumbly-faced four-eyes. I bet one would not buy your magazine. I just happen to read them in our local hospital. . . I shall write to you again. P.S., you dumb four-eyed bastard. A person who detests you from the sticks." Now, I ask you, is that any way to start my day? No one catches subscriptions over mailman visits on Pierre Elliott Trudeau or Sterling Lyon. But J. Alvin Boyd of London, Ont., is counselling his because I wrote something about a cruise of southeast country. ("Such remarks easily further the work of those bent on fostering Canadian disunity.")

"I hope by now you are suffering in a flood of letters such as mine, depicting your reputation as a page of April 16 editions," writes Mrs. James Wharfed of Whitehorse. "The first reading sickened and angered me. . . How you can even mention less Campaigns or Hewed Goodby in the same breath as our truly glorious (and long-suffering from Alaska as an years) Queen Elizabeth is a mystery to me."

If you don't like it here in Canada, which does happen to have a gracious Queen, go somewhere like Iran, or Gobiak. What's eating you, Fotheringham? Are you jealous of

Charles? Why have you got it in for the Royals? God knows they can't very well resign, or go to work for the CBC, or even write readers to Maclean's. Have you been snubbed at some time as your impressive post? Certainly, no one could ever confuse you with royalty. Your manners would give you away.

Well, yes, it really wasn't because I was snubbed at the footstep's door as a youth (I'm 38). I thought I was just expressing the view that I—quite obviously like a sizable portion of the pub-

lic—am bored with the steady repetition of clean-jawed perfect drooping in an effort for such menadism (think that they have debated the courage. If you don't believe the public agrees with me, just note how the damage of the royal personalities have slipped further and further back in the newspapers. Boring.)



John F. Seldon of Downsview, Ont., says: "The continuing weekly repetitive efforts to draw positive wit for such a column can be fraught with dangers. The comforting thought of self-administration, the blasé approach of over-familiarity, the pondering (see TV interviews) to the sloppiness and shapeliness of appearance. The narrow approach encouraged by limited comprehension, the automatic, the city slob, the cheap desert to the gutter."

The words of Allan Fotheringham are a reflection of himself, a shapeliness little noticed, writing untidily for cheap notoriety. In other words,

a classic case of gutter press. Perhaps one can have sympathy for Prince Charles, attempting to make light conversations with some of the noble, haughty and dumplings he has to meet. Fotheringham tells us that his plaintive little spine is filled with chills, that he is nervous, reliving in the glory of his words. He casually refers to us as an *inconstant* situation. These are obvious symptoms of disease. Perhaps it's time this small, palpitating dang heap was put out to pasture, to slowly recover some clarity of mind in country vapors—far from the vulgarities of the new Hog Town city slickers.

See what I mean? If the country put half that vigor and emotion into a quest to solve the Quebec dilemma, we would have been content decades ago. M. A. Craig of Pembroke, Ont., says of the column: "Personally, this one 'bored me to the gills' and I was driven to 'banishment of snobs' by its labored drivel. Most Canadians would react likewise and for rebel would gladly turn to the good-bureaucratic work of Prince Philip. You should deeply contemplate your own closing maxim: 'Nothing exceeds like excess.'"

From Victoria, Mrs. Dorothy Lyhard writes: "Considerations on your article in Maclean's of April 14. If your intention was to stir up trouble and cause a big furor, and sit back thinking gleefully 'at least thousands of people will know me by name now,' then you accomplished your goal. . . Also, the publishing company that would print such an article on a controversial subject, and so biased, was, to say the least, foolish. Bring on the last page of Maclean's make your article stand out, as it didn't take long to flip through the pages, which seemed mostly to contain advertisements. There, wasn't that silly picture (Was it supposed to be Prince Charles?) and your drivel!"

There is more, ah, is there more? This is the polite stuff. If we ever get our eyes redressed from across the ocean to affairs that matter to Canadians, then, we suppose, the mail will cool down.

Alan Fotheringham is a columnist for the FP News Service.

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